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The Strange Case of Eleanor Cuyler

BY KINGSLAND CROSBY

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V.

When the Congressional Limited mbled into the train-shed at Jersey ty and came to a stop, Cuyler and otsirb stepped from their car to d Johnson waiting on the platform, d with him Sheldon Winthrop.

"Mrs. Hazard sent for me last even- g," the latter explained, as he and e banker started for the ferry en- nce, followed by the others. "She ld me about your daughter, hoping ould be of some assistance. Today alled at your office and Mr. John- n said you would be here on this in."

"I am glad you came. The man h Johnson is in charge of the mat- , and wants to see you about it. ll him everything you can. He is be trusted implicitly."

They parted in the ferry-house, otsirb and Winthrop crossing to rtlandt street; Cuyler and Johnson ing uptown on a Twenty-third street at.

During the sail up the river the nker's secretary told of inquiring at spitals in three New Jersey cities thout avail, and reported in detail w the stock market had closed—in fever amounting almost to demoral- ation of securities identified with the eat house of Cuyler & Co.

"Mr. Bloodgood will be waiting for u at the club," he concluded, "as ll a dozen or so reporters and cor- spondents."

Half an hour later Mortimer Cuyler epped from his cab, entered a white arble building in upper Fifth avenue d gave a hearty welcome to the wspaper men who had gathered ere in the reception room.

"I'm sure I don't know what caused e market to go off," he said in re- to questions. "I have been in ashington on a matter of purely rsonal interest, and of course called the President to pay my respects. guess things down town will look tter in a day or two. I can see ab- utely no reason for the slump."

"How about your sunstroke?" ask- one of the group.

"Do I look as if I'd had one?" Cuy- returned, throwing back his mas- head and laughing heartily. "The is, gentlemen, I'm feeling pretty for such a hot night. And as I'm gry as a bear, I'll ask you to ex- me while I go to dinner."

"Isn't there anything of interest you d tell us?" begged one of the dis- nted news gatherers.

Cuyler paused a moment, and ght deeply.

"Nothing; nothing at all, unless you ld think it worth while to men- in your society column that my ghter has gone out of town for a e. That's all I can think of. Good ht, gentlemen—and thank you for r interest in coming to see me."

He nodded a kindly dismissal and ned away, while the reporters ried for the club house entrance.

Bloodgood was waiting for him in e main dining room, and soon they re seated at a table, plunged deep- into discussion of the raid on Cuy- & Co.'s properties. Again, by ef- rt of his unyielding will, Eleanor s put out of her father's half-dis- cted mind, as was the impending ike of anthracite miners, and erything else but the vital matter der immediate consideration.

Meanwhile, Winthrop and the de- tive had gone directly uptown to e former's studio.

"It will be quiet there, won't it," said otsirb. "And we can be free from erruption? Besides, I want to see at portrait you have painted of ss Cuyler, and so fix her in my mind at I could instantly pick her out of rowd anywhere."

They had barely arrived at their stination when a long-threatening nder-storm broke, and with it me a sudden drop of temperature nging vitality, energy, strength, into e whole city, which had been swel- ing for days.

"Whew, but that's good!" Winthrop laimed, standing by an open win- w and drinking down great draughts the cool, refreshing breeze. "An ur ago I was pretty nearly a wreck. t now I am ready for anything! rst of all, though, you wish to see e portrait."

He turned on the electric light, lled forward an easel, and ted a black cloth which ng lightly in front of his canvas. here it is," he added.

"And in the very costume she wore en she disappeared!" Wotsirb com- nted with keen approval.

"Yes, she wanted it done in that ess," said Winthrop, "and it is all re, even to the little Hindu locket aunt brought back from India a r or so ago. You can see it, and delicate gold chain, half hidden in e lace collar."

The detective was more than ased.

"Now, that is worth while! I ught she might have posed in a l gown, or some fancy costume, and t would have made it more diffi- t. I must have this photographed once."

"Well, I don't know——" Winthrop itated, with all a young painter's de in his work.

"It doesn't make any difference how ch one's feelings are hurt," the er rejoined. "This is a very serious tter. Nothing must be left undone find her, and your portrait here be of great value to my assistants the search. Surely you wouldn't use, Mr. Winthrop"

"No, of course not—since you put hat way. But I would dislike very ch to have the photograph come in the Sunday newspapers all over country. It would shock Mr. Cuy- s family, and all of their friends."

"Newspapers! You don't think, do , that newspapers or the police or one else will be allowed to see the ture? Why, Mr. Cuyler put me on case so that not a word would k out about it. And you, Mr. Win- op, must use the greatest caution, lest a single thoughtless sentence should escape you, and get to the ears of the reporters."

Wotsirb spoke with an impressive earnestness and power that surprised the painter.

"I see, I see," he finally remarked. "I appreciate all you say. But will that prevent me from making an independent effort, on my own part, to find her?"

"No, not if you are cautious."

"We grew up together as children." The younger man spoke half dreamily. "Until a few years ago, when she went to college, we used to see each other daily. It would be very hard for me to sit still and hold my hands."

Wotsirb watched him keenly, with narrowing eyes.

"When I was a little boy," the painter continued smilingly, "I used to suppose she and I would be married when we grew up. I don't feel that, now, nor she. But I would like to act as best man at her wedding."

He spoke simply, quietly, unreservedly.

The detective was satisfied. "It is getting late," he said, glancing at his watch. "I have work to do. I will come with a camera and take the photograph myself. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Wotsirb," responded Winthrop, rising from his chair. "I'll be on hand."

He gazed at the canvas while the detective ran down the stairs to the street entrance, then carefully replaced the protecting cloth and pushed the easel against the wall. As he leaned back in the window seat, lighting his old, blackened pipe, a thousand memories rushed over him, of a little girl and a little boy, playing in what seemed enchanted gardens; of games, and pony rides; of childish quarrels and forgiveness; of a myriad of tendrils that had enmeshed them year by year.

And now she was gone.

The certainty of death would almost be better than the possibility that at this moment she might be lying in some place injured, suffering and helpless, unable to communicate with those nearest and dearest to her; death would certainly be preferable to captivity under conditions the very thought of which made Winthrop shudder—yet they were possible in this great remorseless city.

But what to do—that was the question? Memories of childhood must be brushed aside. This was no time for fears. This was time for action!

The young man sprang from his seat and strode back and forth in his studio, thinking deeply, puffing huge clouds of smoke until the top of his pipe-bowl glowed like a furnace. Back and forth he paced, with knitted brows, lithe as a cat, noiseless of step—and suddenly came to a dead stop in front of a silver loving-cup which had been presented to him a dozen years previous when he had easily outdistanced all competitors on his college green.

That loving-cup brought to Winthrop's surging mind not the fieldday of which he was the hero; but the night before he left the little fresh-water college for good and all to go out into the world; the long evening he and Bill Hambidge and Tom Barrett spent together in his rooms talking over the four years during which they had been together as more than brothers—as inseparable chums, depending on each other, never failing each other. Hambidge was a lawyer now, with a good and growing practice. Barrett was what he could not help being—the best of good fellows, unspoiled by a fortune he had inherited. But that last night of their student life Barrett was as poor as the others, and they faced the world on equal footing. They had talked of many things that evening, and jokingly likened their friendship to that of Dumas' Musketeers. In a spirit of banter Barrett had proposed that they cement their friedship permanently by an oath of eternal allegiance to one another. And Winthrop recalled how they had laughingly gripped hands as they swore to respond instantly should any one of them call for help, no matter when, where or under what circumstances. And they had agreed then and there upon a code signal to be used in a crisis.

Need for using that code had never arisen, and Winthrop had not thought of it in a decade. But now, as he stood facing the loving-cup, the whole thing flashed over him.

Where was Tom Barrett tonight? In or near Boston probably. Boston was his home; his people had lived there for 200 years. He sometimes stepped over to London, and now and then ran out to Los Angeles, or down to Mexico; but never did he sojourn in New York. He had for Manhattan island the true Bostonian's utter contempt.

Never mind, a message to his apartment and another to his club would be sure to find him, especially if forwarding charges were guaranteed.

It was easier to reach Hambidge.

Winthrop snatched his hat from a table, turned off the lights and hurried to the nearest telegraph office.

VI.

The message addressed to Barrett at his club in the Back Bay district was held there and placed in the box where he semi-occasionally received dainty notes written on faintly fragrant paper and other unimportant mail matter.

The duplicate of this telegram, sent to his apartment, was forwarded to Bristol, R. I., thence to Bar Harbor, finally to a little station beyond Portland, from which it was carried by messenger six miles across county to Bleak Rock, Van Studdiford's summer place, with its sheltered harbor and mile of coast-front, where Barrett was spending the week-end.

Barrett had spent several week-ends there already that summer, largely because it was a most comfortable place for a man of his generous tastes, and secondly because he supposed it would be the jroper thing to marry Mildred Van Studdiford, sometime, when he should get around to it. Just when that would be Tom hadn't decided; in fact, he had only recently reached the definite decision to do his part in the marriage, since everybody in their set seemed to expect it as a matter of course. Chance, fate or clever manoeuvering on the part of Mildred's mother—whatever you may choose to call it—had thrown them together a good deal during the previous winter and spring; first in Boston, then at Pinehurst, again at Atlantic City during Easter week; and at a house party in the Berkshires early in May. Barrett hadn't particularly cared for Miss Van Studdiford, but she was good-looking agreeable, possessed of the social gift, and he supposed it might be well be she as anyone else; especially in the view of the obvious fact that anyone else would disappoint the expectations of so many of their friends.

He had come down to Bleak Rock on Friday, and concluded that if weather conditions were propitious, say on Sunday, he and she would sail to Sentinel island, far across the bay, and go ashore to enjoy the sunset; when he would say the usual thing to be said under like circumstances, and thus ring down the curtain on Act I, in the conventional way.

He wanted to be sure of a soft breeze and good water, in addition to a sunset, because atmosphere plays such an agreeable part in a romance. Therefore, it was long past three o'clock that Sunday afternoon, when he suggested a sail, and it was quite four o'clock when he and she stepped aboard the waiting craft. He was just about to tell the man on the dock to cast off, when he heard his name called, and looking up saw a house-servant racing toward them down the slope, waving a yellow envelope high in the air.

They waited until he arrived, and Barrett hastily glanced at the message. Again he read it:

New York, July 21.
THOMAS H. BARRETT,
Algonquin Apartments,
Boston.
Seven black cats.
SHELDON WINTHROP,
Studio Building,
West Fifty-fifth Street.

"What the devil!" Barrett exclaimed to himself, frowning and poring over the yellow paper. "Has Winthrop gone crazy? What does he mean?"

Then he suddenly leaned against the mast of the catboat, and gurgled, and choked, and finally roared with laughter, as the meaning of the message burst upon him, and the remembrance of that final night at college, a dozen years previous, when three-rattlebrained youngsters had gaily resolved themselves into three modern Musketeers, and agreed upon a signal of distress.

"So Winthrop wants me, and wants me to come at once," Barrett reflected, his active brain rapidly conning the situation. "Wonder what in thunder he's up to? . . . I'll bet a dollar he's going to be married on short notice and wants me to act as best man!"

Meanwhile Miss Van Studdiford had been waiting. Now the toe of one diminutive shoe tapped the deck impatiently. Miss Van Studdiford was evidently annoyed.

Barrett glanced at her—and had a sudden inspiration. She was an agreeable little thing; but by George! he wasn't quite ready to tie himself down. Didn't Winthrop's telegram furnish a sufficient excuse for him to make to the lady—who was growing more impatient moment by moment?"

"Yes, sir!" he mentally declared, putting the message in his pocket. "I'll keep my part of that college compact. I'll give Sheldon Winthrop a run for his money this time!"

Then he turned to the girl, still standing in the boat.

"Im sorry," he said, speaking rapidly and glancing at his watch, "but we'll have to postpone the sail. I must leave at once for New York . . . Joseph! Run to the stable and get the fastest horse harnessed to take me to the station!"

"Is—is it bad news?" Mildred asked. She had known intuitively that her future would be settled that afternoon, and Barrett felt her hand tremble as he helped her ashore.

"No—not for me, that is. An old friend has sent for me to come to him, and I must go."

They hurried up the long incline and across the lawn, reaching the house as a light runabout drawn by a young blooded mare arrived at the door. Barrett vaulted to the seat before the wheels stopped.

"Good-bye!" he called. "Explain things to your father and mother—I'll write soon!"

Then to the driver by his side: "Get me to the station in 30 minutes, and you will earn a $10 bill."

The whip sang as it cut the air, the beautiful, high-bred mare gave one splendid bound upward and forward, and the runabout started on a mad, wild dash toward the railway.

Over the roads it whirled, up hills, down steep grades, across level stretches, in a cloud of blinding dust, the driver leaning forward with grim, set face; Barrett, beside him, hanging to his seat with one hand, holding his open watch in the other. They heard a whistle in the distance as they came to the last mile, and again the whip sang—once, twice, thrice; and the terrified, foam-spattered chestnut broke into a frenzied gallop. Through a patch of woods and around a long curve on two wheels—the driver bareheaded now, his reins taut as wire; ten great leaps forward—nine—six—three—one! And they were at the station.

The mare threw her head high in air, her eyes white with dumb terror, her nostrils blood-red; a great shiver passed over her from ears to ankles; and her head sank forward.

"The train to Portland!" Barrett shouted, as he burst into the ticket office. "Has it gone yet?"

The agent gazed in amazement at the dust-clad, excited figure.

"No, she hain't left yet—that's her comin' here now," he said leisurely.

It was a miserable, slow-going way train that took him to Portland; one which jogged leisurely along for a mile or two, then pulled up at a station, often a mere hamlet, a flagman's box with one or two farm houses in sight; sometimes even at a crossroads. Passengers boarded the train or left it, taking their time, carrying bundles and babies, stopping to chat and exchange neighborhood gossip while they entered or left the cars. Ten stops in 30 miles, and Barrett in the smoking car puffed away at his cigar, vainly to obtain information from the conductor as to the first train he could take out of Boston for New York.

"Well, I dunno," the conductor said to a thrice-repeated inquiry. "I only go as fur's Portlan', which I told ye before. Hain't ben to Bost'n sence I was 12 years old. But ye can get a sight of trains there, Sundays and all."

Portland was reached finally—at 5:40. The express from the east, bound for Boston, would arrive in ten minutes, and lay over until 6 o'clock. Barrett had 20 minutes for action. He utilized them. A long line of passengers was waiting at the window of the ticket office, so he demanded an interview with the station master, the division superintendent—anybody who was in authority. And then he learned that, barring accident, the express would arrive in Boston at 9:05. The first train he could take for New York left Boston at 11 o'clock and was due in the Grand Central station at 6:45 the next morning—a run of nearly eight hours.

"I can't afford that time!" he exclaimed, "Why, the Bay State Limited makes the run in five hours, day after day!"

"Yes," said the official imperturbably, "she does."

Barrett paced to and fro thinking hard. The zest of the chase was on him. The spirit of the thing, which at first amused him, now had taken possession of his being. He was convinced that something serious had happened to Winthrop, who, perhaps, was in a dangerous situation, waiting minute by minute for his friend to appear and rescue.

Reckless of consequence, Barrett seized a telegraph blank.

"I want to order a special train from Boston to New York. Who shall I telegraph to?"

The official told him.

"A special," Tom reflected as his pen traveled across the yellow paper, "ought to make the run in four-and-a-half hours. If it leaves by 10 o'clock I can reach Winthrop's studio shortly after 2:30 tomorrow morning."

He signed the message and handed it to the operator, with an extra dollar bill to make sure that it was immediately put on the wires; then went out to the waiting express.

It was 15 minutes before 3 o'clock Monday morning when Barrett's special stopped in the Grand Central station, and its one passenger hurried out to the carriage stand.

(To be Continued.)

Where English Speakers Rule

ONE of the most remarkable facts disclosed by the world's stock-taking at the end of the young century's first decade is the enormous aggrandizement of the two vast empires which are covered by the flags of English-speaking nations. Half of the growth of the ten years has been in British and American territory.

The world's gain in population in the first decade of the century was about 100,000,000, as nearly as can be ascertained. The increase in the United States, including the islands lately acquired, was over 16,000,000. The growth of the British Empire was not less than 4,000,000. It may have exceeded that vast number.

The gain in India alone was about 24,000,000 and in Canada, South Africa, Australia and the British Isles the increase was at least 8,000,000. Probably the final census returns will show that it exceeded 9,000,000. That leaves only 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 at most to measure the growth in British East Africa, the British possessions in West Africa, the British islands in the West Indies and the East Indies and the regions in the interior of Africa which belong to the British Empire.

In other forms of growth the part of the world's expansion which took place under the American and British flags was even greater than the 50 per cent. which measured the increase in the number of inhabitants. Certainly more than half of the wealth added to the world's possessions is in the British Empire and in American territory. More than half of the expansion in commerce, international and domestic, was under the British and American flags.

It is astonishing to consider the proportion of the business and business machinery of the world which can be found in American and British territory. More than half of the railroad mileage is there. Two-thirds of the tonnage of the merchant shipping of the world is British or American. More than half of the ocean cables have the same ownership and the telephone systems of this country and the British Empire leave only a small fraction of the total mileage of wire for the rest of the world.

The United States and the British Empire produce 70 per cent of the world's coal and 80 per cent. of its gold. They make 60 per cent. of the pig iron in the world and about the same proportion of its steel. Under the American flag and the British is mined 67 per cent. of the copper, and in the United States and the British Empire are produced much more than half of the petroleum in the world and all but a small fraction of the natural gas.

Over half of the wool grown in the world is the product of the British Empire and the United States. The same countries furnish more than 90 per cent. of the cotton and manufacture about 60 per cent. of it.

Even such widely distributed and promitive property as cattle, sheep and swine is surprisingly massed in the United States and the British Empire. Together they have nearly 50 per cent. of the cattle in the world, fully 35 per cent. of the sheep and about 40 per cent. of the swine. In the same parts of the earth are over 30 per cent. of the horses, half of the goats and more than half of the mules.

The larger part of the corn crop of the world is American. This country and the British Empire grow about 40 per cent. of the wheat. In many other products, agricultural and manufacturing, the position of the British Empire and the United States is nearly as commanding as it is in respect to the supply of wheat, corn and livestock. That is true of some valuable and much prized fruits and much merchandise made in shops and mills, such as machinery and motor vehicles.

The two great states which have English for their official language own the largest and swiftest steamships. They have more than half of the up-to-date battleships in the world. The same two countries have the largest city in the world, second and probably the fifth. They boast the largest lakes, the biggest trees, the longest river, the most stupendous cataract, the busiest ship canals. It is easy to add almost indefinitely to the superlatives which can be applied to the United States and the British Empire, taken together.

This powerful position of the English-speaking nations is apparently destined to become more dominant and noteworthy for a time, the duration of that period of gains being uncertain. But in the end there can hardly fail to be a breaking up of the British Empire, as far as India is concerned. Canada and Australia, and South Africa also, may break away, in the long run, from the parent country.

The Job Is Their Life at Panama

One of the big jobs in the world today is the digging of the Panama canal. Rex Beach has used the work as the setting for his latest novel of love and adventure, The Ne'er-Do-Well, published by Harper's. In the passage here quoted the assistant superintendent of the Panama railroad is showing the newcomer, Kirk Anthony, the ne'er-do-well, over the road and explaining the general scheme of the work.

THE two passed through the railroad gates and took their places in the little car. When they were under way, Runnels went on: "I'm supposed to show you this end of the work and tell you what it all means."

"Then please start at the beginning. You see, I probably know less about it than anybody living."

"Of course you know the general layout?"

"I tell you I don't know a thing. There's no use four-flushing."

Runnels smiled at this candor. "Well, the ditch will be about 50 miles long, and, roughly speaking, the work is in three parts—the dredging and harbor building at sea level on each end of the canal, the lock work and the excavations on the upper levels. That dam you saw building at Gatun will form a lake about 30 miles long—quite a fish pond, eh? When a west-bound ship arrives, for instance, it will be raised through the Gatun locks, three of them, and then sail along 85 feet above the ocean, across the lake into a channel dug right through the hills, until it reaches the locks at Pedro Miguel. Then it will be lowered to a smaller lake five miles long, then down again to the level of the Pacific. An eastbound ship will reverse the process. Get the idea?"

"Sure. It sounds easy."

"Oh, it's simple enough. That's what makes it so big. We've been working at it five years, and it will take five years more to complete it. Before we began the French had spent about 20 years on the job. Now a word, so you will have the general scheme of operation in your head. The whole thing is run by the Isthmian Canal commission—six men, most of whom are at war with one another. There are really two railroad systems—the I. C. C., built to haul dirt and rock and to handle materials in and out of the workings, and the Panama railroad, which was built years ago during the California gold rush, and bought by our government at the time of that terrible revolution I told you about. The latter is a regular system, hauls passengers and freight, but the two work together. You will start in with the P. R. R., Mr. Anthony, under my despotic sway."

"I know a little about railroading."

"So much the better. There's a big railroad man by your name in the states. Are you related?"

"I believe so," Kirk answered quietly. "Go ahead with the lesson."

"The Canal Zone is a strip of land 10 miles wide, running across the Isthmus—really an American colony, you know, for we govern it, police it, and all that. As for the work itself, well, the fellows at the two ends of the canal are dredging night and day to complete their part, the lock-builders are laying concrete like mad to get their share done first, the chaps in the big cut are boring through the hills like moles and breaking steam-shovel records every week, while we railroad men take care of the whole shooting match. Of course, there are other departments—sanitary, engineering, commissary, and so forth—all doing their share; but that is the general scheme. Everybody is trying to break records. We don't think of anything except our own business. Each fellow believes the fate of the canal depends upon him. We've lost interest in everything except this ditch, and while we realize that there is such a place as home, it has become merely a spot where we spend our vacations. They have wars and politics and theatres and divorces out there somewhere, but we don't care. We've lost step with the world, we've dropped out. When the newspapers come, the first thing we look for is the Panama news. We're obsessed by this job. Even the women and children feel it—you'll feel it as soon as you become a cog in the machine. Polite conversation at dinner is limited to tons of rock and yards of concrete. Oh, but I'm tired of this concrete talk."

"Try the abstract for a change."

"It's interesting at first, then it gets tiresome. Lord! It's fierce."

"The work, too?"

"Everything! Every day you do the same thing; every day you see the same faces, hear the same talk; even the breeze blows from the same direction all the time, and the temperature stays at the same mark, winter and summer. Every time you go out you see the same coach drivers, the same Spiggoty policemen leaning against the same things; every time you come in, you eat the same food, drink the same liquor, sit in the same chair, and talk about the same topics. Everything runs too smoothly. The weather is too damned nice. The thermometer lacks originality. We're too comfortable. Climate like that gets on a white man's nerves; he needs physical discomfort to make him contented. I'd give a $40 dog to be good and cold and freeze my nose. Why, Doctor Gorgas has made us so sanitary that we can't even get sick. I'd hail an epidemic as a friend.

"It's even harder on the women folks for they can't find anything to kick about, so they fuss with one another, and with us. They have clubs, you know, to improve things, but there's nothing to improve. We had a social war recently, over a button. One clique wanted a club emblem that would cost a $1.50, while the other faction was in favor of a dollar button. I tell you, it was serious. Then, too, we're all tagged and labeled like cans of salmon with the pricemark on—we can't four-flush. You can tell a man's salary by the number of rocking chairs in his house, and the wife of a fellow who draws eighteen hundred a year can't associate with a woman whose husband makes twenty-five hundred. They are very careful about such things. We go to the same dances, on the same dates, we dance with the same people, to the same tunes, by the same band, and when we get off in some corner of the same veranda in search of the same old breeze, which we know is blowing at precisely the same velocity from the usual quarter, our partners tell us that Colonel So-and-So laid 427 more cubic yards of concrete this week than last, or that steam shovel number 23 broke the record again by 80 yards. It's hell!" He stopped, breathless.

"Why don't you quit?" suggested Anthony

"Quit! What for? Good Lord! We like it."

"BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE."

Somewhere the sun is shining,
  Somewhere the song birds dwell:
Hush, then, thy sad repining,
  God lives and all is well.

Somewhere the day is longer,
  Somewhere the task is done:
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
  Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere, somewhere,
  Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true where we live alway,
  Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.
—Old Song.

Watermelon Freaks.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Mr. Will D. Radford brought to the Kentuckian office a genuine freak in the watermelon line. It consists of two melons of good size growing from a forked stem. The melons are fully developed and present a most unusual condition in the vegetable kingdom.

Mr. Will Gray, another prominent young farmer, has also a melon at the Kentuckian office that is crescent shaped and from one end to the other measures two feet ten and one-half inches long. It is of uniform size—about eight inches in diameter the whole length.

The Whaling "Come-Back"

FOR A LONG time it has been said that the biggest animals this earth has ever known were near extinction. In all the wide spaces of the salt seas, the pessimists about whales and whaling declared, there would be no refuge, no safety, for creatures so huge and so helpless against man.

It was pointed out that whales breed slowly and that it takes many years for their young to reach maturity. Being warm-blooded animals, breathing air through lungs, they could not remain long under water without coming to the surface. The size of the whales, it was argued, made them fatally conspicuous when they did come up for air, and the use of steam vessels in the whaling industry and the adoption of the harpoon equipped with a bomb made the odds hopelessly heavy on the side of the whalers and sealed the doom of their gigantic quarry.

As so often happens, the recuperative and saving powers of nature were underrated by those who were sure that the extinction of the whale was near. All of the known varieties of whales still exist. The kinds most prized for oil or bones, or both, are so much in evidence that the whaling industry is in better condition than it was 10 years ago. The profits of the Scotch whalers making Dundee their home port were better last year than at any former time in the last two decades.

How well the whale "fisheries" have "come back" is indicated by the fact, noted by the London Financial Times, that one of the Dundee whalers, the Balaena, paid a dividend of 34½ per cent on the business done last year.

The Norwegian whalers have also been making big profits and their number has rapidly increased so that about 20 expeditions, with 700 men in their crews, are at work under the Norwegian flag in the Antarctic regions. Other Norwegian whalers are making handsome profits in the waters off the western coast of South Africa.

The success of the Norwegians in this field has been so great that a German company with a capital of about $250,000 has been organized to operate in the same region. There is German territory in that part of the world and the Germans will try to get at least a fair share in the profits of the whaling done near the coasts of their possessions.

Meanwhile the profits of the Scotch whalers are leading several English ship owners into the whaling industry in the Antarctic regions. American whalers have also been active and fairly successful in recent years, especially the ships hunting in the waters of the North Pacific and in the part of the Arctic ocean reached by way of Bering sea.

There is an economic interest in such continued and increasing activity and life in the whaling industry, because it shows how the market remains wide and strong for natural products which sometimes seem near their end. The present prosperity of whaling is evidence of the difficulty of filling the place of whalebone and whale oil, and it also affords proof of the ability of wild creatures, much hunted and beset, to maintain themselves, even against man, if their environment is favorable.

In the vast wastes of the ocean the whales have found that the pursuit of their species by human foes still leaves room enough for many to escape. So it may well be taken for granted that the world will not soon be deprived of the greatest of all animals, including the long-extinct monsters of remote ages, when the earth was raw and uncouth.

All hunted things living in the vast spaces of the ocean have an automatic safeguard in the fact that before they can be nearly exterminated the winnowing of the waters becomes unprofitable, because the seas to be searched are so disproportionate to the quarry sought. There is none of the penning up of hunted creatures in smaller and still smaller areas which is common on land, and every great storm stops the chase.

It is well that the whales are to be saved from extinction, not so much because of their economic value as on account of their distinction as the largest of all the animals that ever lived on this planet. It would be unfortunate to lose all of the giants of the seas bigger than the enormous dinosaurs and other huge denizens of the earth in prehistoric ages.

Ashton-Kirk Investigator

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

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"I am. Will you sit down, Mr. Morris?"

Morris sat down dejectedly.

"Tobin advised me to come see you," he said. "I refused at first; but in view of what the newspapers contain this morning I reconsidered it."

Ashton-Kirk nodded.

"If you had come to me in the first place," said he, "you'd probably not have fallen into this mess, and you'd have saved yourself a great deal of suffering." He regarded the young man for a moment, and then went on: "Miss Vale, I suppose, has told you of her dealings with me."

"She has," said Morris. "She's been very candid with me in everything. If I had been the same with her," bitterly, "I should have acted more like a natural human being. You see, we were to be married. She was very rich, while I had comparatively nothing. But this in itself would not have been sufficient to have prevented our wedding for so long. The fact was that I had gotten myself into trouble through speculation; I had a fear that my position might even be considered criminal from some points of view. And I allowed myself to get nervous over it.

"However, there was a way by which it was possible for me to extricate myself. To explain this I'll have to go back some years."

"Take your own time," said Ashton-Kirk.

"Well, my father had worked for years perfecting the plans for a heavier-than-air flying machine," Morris resumed. "At the time of his death he told me that it was all complete but the constructing, and that I had millions within my reach. But Hume had the plans—my father had borrowed money from him—a considerable sum—and had given him the plans as security.

"Hume had always derided the idea of the monoplane. Tobin, who knew them both, tells me that he was forever mocking my father upon the subject. And when the time came when the plans could be redeemed, Hume denied having them. There was no receipt, nothing to show that the transaction had ever occurred. The man declared that the whole thing was a drunken dream. He had never seen any plans; he had never paid out any money; he knew nothing about the matter. Time and again the man reiterated this; and each time, so I've heard, he would go off into gales of laughter. I have no doubt but that the entire performance on this part was to afford himself these opportuities; he seemed to love such things."

"Was it not possible for your father to duplicate the plans?"

"At an earlier time it would have meant but a few weeks' application at most. But at this period the thing was impossible. The last long debauch seemed to have sapped his intellect; it also was the direct cause of his death."

"I see," said Ashton-Kirk.

"I took the matter up with Hume at once," went on the young man. "But I had no more success than my father. In the man's eyes, I had but replaced my father; I was another patient subject for his mockery, derision and abuse.

"There were some scattered drawings of the monoplane in father's office; I began a study of these, thinking to chance upon the principal idea. But I was unsuccessful.

"All this, you understand, was before I had met Miss Vale, and before I was tangled up in the trouble I have just mentioned.

"The fear began to grow on me that Hume meant to use the plans to his own advantage; I knew that he had long been familiar with Locke, who was reputed to be a mechanical genius, and between them, I fancied they'd take action. I began a watch upon the reports of the Patent Office, thinking that that would finally give me something tangible to use against them. However, I never gave up my visits to Hume, or my efforts to make him admit possession of my father's property.

"It was during one of these visits that I first met Spatola; and I was much struck by the performance of his cockatoos. My father had always held to the idea that the problem of flight would be finally solved by a study of the birds; this gave me an idea, and I took to visiting Spatola in his lodgings in Christie Place. He'd have the cockatoos fly slowly round and round the big attic, and I'd watch them and make notes.

"It was about this time that I met Miss Vale and asked her to be my wife; a very little later, in an effort to raise money, I got into the financial trouble which I have referred to. After a little the question of a time for our marriage came up; I was filled with fear and put it off; this occurred several times, and I was at my wits' end. I could not marry with that thing hanging over me. Suppose it should turn out as I feared; imagine the shock to a high spirited girl to discover that she had married a defaulter.

"It was then that I turned to the matter of the plans as my only hope; with a perfected idea I could readily secure a large sum of money in advance. So I redoubled my efforts to have a settlement with Hume; but he only derided me as usual. Continued visits to Spatola to study the flight of the birds, showed me that the Italian was a fine fellow, well educated and with much feeling and appreciation. We became fast friends and so, little by little, I told him my story."

"About the invention?" asked Ashton-Kirk.

"Yes."

The investigator turned to Pendleton.

"I think," said he, "that I now understand why Spatola grew so uncommunicative and suspicious toward the end of our interview at City Hall. We both thought it was because I spoke of shorthand. But it was perhaps because I mentioned an invention in the way of writing music. He feared that I was trying to incriminate Mr. Morris in some way."

Pendleton nodded.

"That," said he, "I think explains it."

"As you no doubt know," went on Morris, after the investigator had once more given him his attention, "Spatola liked Hume none to well. And he had reason for his hatred, poor fellow. Well, he became interested in what I told him; and when he learned that I believed my father's papers were in all probability somewhere in Hume's apartments, he suggested that I come to live in Christie Place under an assumed name. He thought that in time an opportunity would present itself to cross the roofs some night, enter Hume's place by the scuttle and so possess myself of the plans.

"On the day preceding the murder, I had made up my mind to have one more try with Hume; and if that failed I intended to follow Spatola's advice, break in and take the plans by force. I was so full of this resolution that I could not contain myself; I hinted at it to Miss Vale; and the result of that hint, you know."

He leaned his face forward in his hands and seemed to give way to a bitter train of thought. He was evidently despondent.

"It was also some such hint upon your part that induced her to visit Locke at Dr. Mercer's place, wasn't it?"

Morris raised his head and nodded.

"Yes," he said. "After the murder I suspected Locke at once of having something to do with it. I told Miss Vale; she went there without my knowledge—seeing that I had not the courage to go myself," he added bitterly—"and demanded the plans."

"And she learned that they were still at Hume's—behind the portrait?"

"Yes. Loke told her—he was overcome with horror at the murder. He had merely desired to secure the plans—having somehow learned their hiding place. He had no intention of killing Hume."

"But why did Sagon do it?—he must have had it in mind when he bought the bayonet at Bernstine's," said Pendleton, looking at Ashton-Kirk.

"He had. Do you recall how Burgess' report spoke of a league of smugglers in Europe of which Hume was a leading spirit, and also of how they had been captured and nearly all but Hume were tried and convicted?"

"Yes."

"Sagon was one of those convicted. The diamonds which Hume tried to smuggle into his country were to have been turned into money at the time of the gang's arrest and the proceeds spent in their defense. But instead of doing this, Hume left his comrades to their fate and absconded. When Sagon gained his freedom he began a search for Hume, meaning to have revenge. This search finally lead him to Locke as a person who had known Hume, and who would be likely to be able to tell where he could be found."

"Sagon has told you this?" queried Pendleton.

"Yes, he talked freely, after he saw that his case was hopeless, and he, too, insisted that Locke did not intend to commit murder. Locke, even at the time of his meeting Sagon, was looking for someone to aid him in gaining possession of the Morris plans. The work-shop which we saw beside Locke's house contained a monoplane in course of construction; but there was something lacking which he felt Morris's plans could supply; and so he was anxious to get hold of it by hook or crook.

"Sagon, whose purpose from the first was murder, was not at all averse to combining it with something else. He took the room at Mrs. Marx's place, after he had perceived that an entrance could probably be made at Hume's by way of the scuttle. The well dressed 'business guys' that the machinist on the first floor spoke about to us, were no doubt Locke, who frequently called upon Sagon, and Mr. Morris here, whom the man did not suspect of being a lodger.

"To prove a theory that I had formed, and which I have mentioned in a vague sort of way," went on Ashton-Kirk, "I asked Sagon why he had used a bayonet. And it turned out as I had thought. Sagon and Hume had first met at Bayonne; the greater part of their operations had been carried on there; the band had been finally rounded up and convicted there. The bayonet, so legend has it, was first made in Bayonne, and Sagon conceived that it would be a sort of poetic justice if the traitor were to die by a weapon so closely connected with the scene of his treachery."

There was a pause after this, and then young Morris got up slowly and painfully.

"I don't want it to be thought," said he, "that I was directly responsible for Miss Vale's adventure of last night—or for any of the others, for the matter of that. If I had known at the time that she proposed visiting Locke's, or Hume's, either upon the night of the murder, or last night, I would have prevented it."

Ashton-Kirk nodded kindly; the young man's position evidently appealed to him. But Pendleton sat rather stiffly in his chair and his expression never changed.

"I will now come into possession of whatever value there is in my father's invention," went on Morris, "and added to that, it turns out that the—the other thing, of which I stood so much in fear, has turned out favorably. But," in a disheartened sort of way, "I don't care much, now that my engagement with Miss Vale is broken."

"Broken!" exclaimed Pendleton.

"I saw her this morning," said Morris. "During the past week," he continued, "it gradually came to me that I was not the sort of man to make her a fitting husband. I hid like a squirrel while she faced the dangers that should have been mine. I knew that she realized the situation as well as I, and I did what I could by making it easy for her."

He paused at the door.

"If there is anything that I can do or say in the final settlement of this case," he added, to Ashton-Kirk, "I will gladly place myself at your services, sir. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Finish.

"For the first time," said Pendleton, as the door closed upon Allan Morris, "I can feel sorry for him. To lose a girl like Edyth Vale is indeed a calamity. Think of the courage she's shown—of what she was willing to do. Why, Kirk, she's one in ten thousand."

But Ashton-Kirk only nodded; he had arisen upon the departure of Morris, and was now drawing on a pair of gloves. The splendid qualities of Miss Vale apparently had little appeal for him at that moment.

"Are you ready?" he asked, in a business-like way.

"Ready?" repeated Pendleton, surprised.

"To be sure. We can scarcely call this case complete until something has been done in the matter of Locke."

"That's so. But, somehow, I had the notion that your men had already attended to him.

"I always prefer to finish my work in my own way," said the investigator. "Osborne, as soon as he heard of Locke, through Sagon, wanted to take up the trail. But I convinced him that he'd better leave it to me."

Pendleton clapped on his hat.

"I'm with you," said he, "but where do you expect to find him?"

Ashton-Kirk rang for Stumph and ordered the car; then he replied:

"We'll more than likely find him at home. Burgess followed him back to Codova, last night."

They went down and climbed into the car, and were soon on the road.

A little distance from the Mercer Institute they came upon a compact-looking man seated upon the top rail of a fence, chewing at a straw. He wore heavy, much-splashed boots and a sun-scorched suit of clothes.

"Ah," said Ashton-Kirk, "I see Burgess is still on the job."

'Burgess," echoed Pendleton. He looked at the man upon the fence in surprise; except for the very broad shoulders there was no resemblance.

However, Burgess grinned amiably through a rather neglected growth of beard.

"I expetced you along about this time," said he, to the investigator.

"Is everything all right?" asked Ashton-Kirk.

"He's still there," answered Burgess, and he nodded toward a house with a peaked and slated roof which stood some little distance up an intersecting road. It was the same house through the window of which Pendleton had seen Edyth Vale some nights previously, but, somehow, it seemed strange and unfamiliar in daylight.

"I can see three sides of it from here," went on Burgess. "And if he dropped out of one of the windows on the fourth side I could sight him before he'd gone 50 yards. You may be sure he's there—all right."

"You've heard of what took place last night, I suppose?"

Burgess tapped a folded newspaper at his breast pocket.

"So has Locke," said he. "Apparently his orders are to furnish him with the papers as soon as they arrive. A man from the Institute building brought one to him more than an hour ago."

Just then Ashton-Kirk noted far up the road upon which Locke's house stood, a very small buggy, drawn by an equally small horse. In the buggy sat a man whose huge bulk seemed to bulge out beyond its sides. Arriving before Locke's house, the small horse stopped, as though from habit. Then with a mighty effort, the fat man rolled out and waddled to the gate. He pressed and re-pressed the button; but no one answered.

Ashton-Kirk looked at his assistant.

"Are you quite sure that our man is there," asked he.

Burgess chewed his straw calmly.

"I'm positive of it," said he.

The fat man now entered at the gate and going to the front door, tried it. But it was evidently fast, and he turned away. Hesitating for a moment, he laboriously approached the work shop, the roof of which could be seen through the trees. Apparently the result was the same here, for in a very few minutes he was seen to waddle back to his buggy and climb in with much effort. Then the small horse ambled forward while the fat man leaned back in great distress.

"You recognize him, do you not?" smiled Ashton-Kirk.

"I do, now," returned Pendleton. "It's our friend Dr. Mercer."

When the buggy arrived at the spot where the motor car stood, the doctor regarded its occupants with some surprise.

"Good morning," greeted Ashton-Kirk.

Painfully, gaspingly the other answered this in kind. The round white face wore an expression of martyrdom.

"I am pleased to see you once more," said he.

"You like driving in the morning, then?" said the investigator.

The principal's flesh quivered with repulsion.

(To be Continued.)

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5572—Boys' Overcoat.

5572

The woman who is clever with her needle will find the accompanying design correct in every detail for a boy's overcoat made in single-breasted style with the usual small collar and notched revers. The sleeves are set in without fullness at the shoulder. Melton, kersey, tweed, craventted fabrics, etc., are used for these overcoats. The pattern, 5572, is cut in sizes 2 to 12 years. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material and ¼-yard of 20-inch velvet, cut bias, for collar.

5339—Ladies' Waist.

5339

In this charming model many novel features are combined. There is, of course, the little round yoke, without which a waist of the hour is incomplete, and there is also the full section, which comes below the line of the yoke. The yoke itself is very new. It is a mere strip of material extending across the back and front of the waist, with the three-quarter length sleeve cut in one with it. Chiffon, net, marquisette, swiss, foulard, organdie may all serve for the full portion while silk, satin, plain colors in linen, etc., will answer for the yoke. The pattern, 5339, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. As represented ¾ yord of 36-inch chiffon, 1½ yards of 24-inch silk and ⅜ of a yard of 18-inch net were used.

4652—Ladies' Long Kimono.

4652

We illustrate a form of this delightful garment which is not so full as to be in the way and yet is provided with pretty tucks at the shoulders, which give plenty of play to the figure of the wearer. In like manner there is a group of tucks in the center of the back to give a little extra material where it is needed. The sleeves are of bishop design, but they may be cut off at any point desired and slashed as shown in the large illustration. As we have illustrated this garment it is made of printed cotton crepe and trimmed with a band of taffeta. The pattern, 4652, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 6 yards of material 36 inches wide.

5585—Ladies' Yoke Night Gown.

5585

This night gown has the plain round yoke which is so comfortable. The material below is slightly gathered and attached to the lower edge. There is a turn-over collar, which can be omitted and the neck finished a little low, if preferred. This gown may be made of batiste, lawn, cambric, long cloth or outing flannel. The pattern, 5585, is cut in sizes 30 to 44 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material.

5160—Ladies' Apron.

5160

The upper part of this apron forms a substantial bib in front and extends over the shoulders in a large sailor collar at the back. The skirt section is pointed in the front and slants slightly upward in the back. The apron may be held in position by strings or button and button hole. Brilliantine, silk, gingham and the like are appropriate materials for this apron. The pattern, 5160, is cut in one size only. It will require 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide.

5593—Ladies' Shirtwaist.

5593

This perfectly plain tailor made waist is a utility model. It has not a vestige of ornament in either front or back. There is a band closing in front and a band finish for any style of collar at the neck. The plain sleeves end in a cuff. French flannel, cashmere, silk, madras, etc., are excellent materials for plain waists. The pattern, 5593, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

4234—Dainty Dressing Sacque.

4234

The model illustrated has shoulder tucks in front and a plain back. At the neck is a large ornamental collar, and the sleeves may be a long puff, finished with a deep cuff, or they may be a loose, flowing style of only elbow length. If the edges of collar and sleeves are outlined by braid or ribbon it will make the garment more fancy. Materials need not be suggested as there are so many which are appropriate. The pattern, 4234, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the garment in the medium size will require 3⅜ yards of material 36 inches wide.

5570—Ladies' Short Petticoat.

5570

This petticoat is cut on the lines of the hour, and fits very snugly about the hips. The yoke may be used or not as preferred, and the same holds with the ruffle. This model is suitable for silk, pongee, batiste, cambric and other white goods. The pattern, 5570, is cut in sizes 22 to 34 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

5108—Ladies' Six-Gore Skirt.

5108

This handsome skirt is made with a shaped flounce and in addition it has a circular flounce about half way up, which may be omitted if desired. While serge, tweed, cheviot, satin and the like are all suitable for this skirt we would call attention to its advantages for mourning wear, as the flounce may be of crepe. The pattern, 5108, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3⅞ yards of 44-inch material.

5592—Misses' Long Coat.

5592

The long coat is decidedly the favorite wrap of the present season and the illustration shows one which has the sacque lines in front and a back fitted by French seams extending to the shoulder. The closing is high and the neck is finished with a large rounded collar. The sleeves have cuffs to match the collar. The pattern, 5592, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 3⅜ yards of 50-inch material.

5313—Ladies' Dress.

5313

This design offers a smart model for white serge, linen, taffetas, satin and for the various novelty weaves used for semi-tailored styles. The waist has the fashionable revers and the skirt is rendered slightly decorative by the insertion of pleats at the side front seams. The pattern, 5313, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 44-inch material.

1808—Bath or Lounging Robe.

1808

In this robe the sacque cut is used and the upper part fits the body. The lower portion has enough fullness to offer a thorough protection against cold. The neck is finished with a large rounding collar and cuffs of corresponding shape complete the plain sleeves. The pattern, 1808, is cut in sizes 6 to 16 years. Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 27-inch material.

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MOTHER O' MINE.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine.

If I were damned o' body and soul,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine.

—Kipling.

A Learned Judge on Socialism.

Boston Globe.

Astonishing things come out of the west. At Raymond, a town in the state of Washington, a United States judge has just denied naturalization papers to a physician, who, in the course of his examination, remarked incidentally that he believed in the philosophy of socialism as set forth by Karl Marx.

"Then you are not the kind of a man we want as a citizen of this country, for socialism is nothing but anarchism," said the learned judge with scorn.

It would be quite as accurate to say that protectionism is nothing but free trade; that taxation is nothing but exemption from all taxes; that an acid is nothing but an alkali; that white is nothing but black; that slavery is nothing but freedom, as to confuse socialism with anarchism. And if there is anything that angers both socialists and anarchists it is to have some one ignorant of both theories confound them with each other. Marx and Proudhon were not birds of the same feather, as the learned judge might have discovered in two minutes by looking into any good encyclopedia.

Cantilever Bridge 340 Feet High.

Half of the construction work on the Crooked river bridge of the Oregon Trunk railway has been completed and workmen are placing the steel parts of the remaining half in position. One half of the steel arch extends from the north bank of the river out over midstream and 340 feet above the water. The length of the bridge from bank to bank will be 322 feet.

News From the Vegetable Kingdom

Washington Post.

"I saw a little of Arabia in my trip around the world by way of the Suez Canal," said Reuben Ferguson of Maryland. "An English tourist suggested that I ought to take a turn with the laughing plant of the Arabian region. He had a native find some of the plant and the seeds thereof, predicting that if I would make a tea out of the seeds or even make the seeds and leaves into a powder and take a dose of it occasionally the effect would be cheering and that I would desire to laugh for an hour or more without apparent reason. Once assured that there was no danger from the effects I tried the seeds and am ashamed to tell what others told me of my antics. It was a case of high jinks, dancing and foolishness both in conversation and actions. I cannot recall what I said or what sort of capers I was guilty of, but those who were with me seemed to take delight in telling of my intoxication and the utter nonsense of my conversation. Once they had told me of a few things, I decided to have nothing more to do with the laughing plant."

Philadelphia Record.

The job of the huckleberry picker is threatened. A mechanical huckleberry picker has just been perfected by T. L. Young, a Charleston, Tioga county, electrician, having a capacity of at least two bushels in an hour. It may mean the industrial death knell to thousands of pickers who by braving the sultry heat reflected from every tree and boulder manage to make a few extra dollars each season. The labor saving device can be operated night and day while the crop lasts.

Scientific American.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Rafflesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense flower is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the Rafflesia is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns. The cup when free from its contents will hold about 12 pints. The flower weighs about 15 pounds and is very thick, the petals being three-quarters of an inch.

Willows Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A Sacramento Valley irrigation company yesterday shipped a year old peach tree bearing over 100 peaches to Chicago. The tree is six feet high and when packed with dirt weighed 1,000 pounds.

Houston Post.

The last of the Texas crop of spring cabbage heads is now on the way to the North. Our cabbage heads are becoming more and more popular every year, owing to their superior quality. It is only a question of time until each state will use a carload of our cabbage heads as a legislature.

Downs Times.

In life, as in strawberry boxes, the largest have a way of working to the top.

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

Will someone please give, through the Farmstead, the best process for making strong vinegar from apple cider?—B., Hayesville, Iowa.

I would like to know what is the trouble with my bird dog. His feet look raw between the toes, he has a cough and will not eat.—A., Middlesboro, Ky.

Is there any more value in milk just out of the separator, for the feeding of young hogs, than in milk which has stood for three or four hours?—R., Albion, Pa.

I would like to have someone give a description of heaves, spavin and ringbone, in the columns of The Blade.—H., Greensboro, N. C.

Will some one kindly tell why my chickens pick the feathers off of themselves and the other chickens and eat them?—L., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Can anyone tell whether a 20-year-old grape vine can be transplanted and live? If so, what would be the best time to transplant, fall or spring?—Mrs. E., Conneaut Lake, Pa.

Will someone kindly tell how to prepare endive for fall and winter use? Do you have to bleach it? Please give information for cultivating and preparing for table.—M., Freeport, Ohio.

TO KEEP PICKLES

I will give my way of keeping pickles, which I have used successfully for several years: Take six quarts of rainwater, two quarts of vinegar, one and one-half quarts of salt and one-fourth pound of alum. Pickles should be put in this solution for one or two days to freshen and then put into good vinegar.—Mrs. S., Kenka, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER IN THE GARDEN

Sow seeds of lettuce, spinach and radishes in the cold-frames for fall and winter use. Sow spinach in the open ground for early spring use.

As fast as a crop is removed, clean up the ground and sow rye, crimson clover or vetch as ground cover, to be turned under next spring. Remove all the debris, such as cabbage and cauliflower stumps, melon and squash vines, and potato tops, for they will harbor insect pests that will destroy your crops next year.

Bank up the late celery once more.

Harvest squashes and pumpkins before the frosts kill the vines, and store them in a cool, dry but frostproof place.

Harvest beets and carrots before the frosts kill the tops. When removing the leeves of beets, do not cut within an inch of the roots or they will bleed and thereby lose much of their flavor. Handle them carefully, so as not to break the skin, and store them in damp sand in the cellar. Both these vegetables keep much better in damp sand and then when left in the open to dry out.

Pick all the mature beans, shell and lima, before the frosts arrive; dry and shell them out for use during the winter.

THE POULTRY HOUSE

Get your fall cleaning, in the poultry houses, done this month, and be sure i tis thorough. A good job made of it with plenty of disinfectants and whitewash may prevent sickness in the flock and will surely prevent lice.

Repair the roofs and stop all cracks and holes that will admit drafts. If the houses have dirt floors, put some fresh earth or sand over them to make them dry and clean for winter.

Keep on culling out the old hens. If they are too old to lay their room is much to be preferred to their company.

Now is a good time to buy more fowls if you need them, while the young stock is being sold on the market.

If you have more young stock than you can keep, cull it carefully for market, selling the defective ones and keeping those that are best developed and most perfect. It is poor business to sell the largest and best for frys, because they bring a little more by the pound, and keep the runts.

Sow a patch of winter rye to furnish the hens green stuff this winter. They will appreciate it and show their appreciation.

Let the poultry run as long as the warm weather lasts and feed them well to get them in good condition for winter.

A little more corn can be added to the ration now, as they will need more heat-producing food while the weather grows colder.

When the fall rains come on be sure the hens have a dusting place, either in the hen house or some other dry, sheltered spot. Spade up the ground and mix some wood ashes with it, or put some dry earth and ashes in a box in the house. It will save you the expense of buying insect powder and the trouble of using it—St. Louis Star Farmer.

CHECK HOG CHOLERA

When an outbreak of hog cholera occurs on a farm, the herd should be quarantined and all possible precautions taken against the spread of the infection in the neighborhood. The separation of the herd into small bunches of about a dozen animals is sometimes practiced. This is not advisable, as the work of caring for the animals is greatly increased and the infection scattered over a wide area, proportionately increasing the opportunity for infecting neighboring farms.

If the houses and yards are well arranged and can be cleaned and disinfected, it is not advisable to move the animals, but if the quarters are old and more or less tumbled down, and the yards littered with corn cobs, manure piles, straw stacks, etc., it is advisable to provide better quarters. Such yards should be well drained. During the warm months of the year, plenty of range and protection from the sun and rain is necessary. A recently mowed meadow or a blue grass pasture, and a low shed open on all sides and amply large for the herd to lie under, give the animals a clean range and comfortable, cool quarters. Roomy, dry, well ventilated sleeping quarters and yards that have good surface drainage are best when the weather is cool and wet.

In most outbreaks it is advisable to separate the sick from the well hogs. Early in the outbreak and in the subacute form this is practical.

A very light ration consisting of a thin slop or shorts or other ground feed should be fed. Powdered copper sulphate may be given in the feed and drinking water. For convenience of mixing with the feed, eight ounces of the powdered drug may be dissolved in one gallon of warm water and one pint of the solution added to each 10 gallons of slop and water fed. This method of feeding should be used as soon as symptoms of disease are noticed and continued for a time after recovery. The entire herd should be dieted and made to clean up their feed quickly. Water and slop should not be left in the troughs for the hogs to wallow in, and the troughs should be disinfected and turned bottom side up as soon as the hogs have finished feeding and drinking.

A disinfectant should be sprayed or sprinkled about the feed troughs, floors, sleeping quarters, etc., daily.

The care and treatment of the herd require work and close attention to details on the part of the attendant. Indifferent, careless treatment is of no use in this disease.

Experience with hog cholera has shown us that the most successful line of treatment consists of good care, a light diet and the liberal use of disinfectants; that treatment should be used early in the outbreak and continued for several weeks; that the subacute form of the disease responds to this treatment; that it is of little use to attempt treament of badly infected herds.

The dead hogs should be burned. This is not a difficult task if the bodies are placed on top of a pile of wood that burns quickly and makes a hot fire. If the body is disposed of by burying, it should be covered with a few inches of lime.

At the end of the outbreak everything should be cleaned and disinfected. After a few weeks the yards should be plowed. If the herd has been moved from old to new quarters, it is of course unnecessary to wait until the end of the outbreak before giving the old quarters a thorough cleaning and disinfecting.—R. A. Craig, Veterinarian, Indiana Experiment Station.

GROWING HOPS

Hops can be grown generally througout the United States, but at present they are grown almost entirely in Oregon, New York and Washington.

A mild climate and abundant rainfall early in the spring, followed by warm, dry weather, are ideal conditions for the plant.

Hops require rich, alluvial soils, or deep sandy or gravelly loams. The best method of growing hop vines is from root-cuttings. Sometimes these cuttings are propagated in nurseries and set out when a year old. The price of the roots ranges from $1 to $10 per thousand, according to the yield of the crop.

The vines are set in rows and are trained to run on trellises made of wire or wooden slats. The posts for the trellises are about 20 feet long and set about two feet in the ground. The trellises alone cost about $75 per acre.

Hops are picked by hand and cured by drying with artificial heat. They must be dried soon after they are picked, otherwise they suffer from oxidation or heating.

The drying is of the greatest importance. A hop-drier consists of a furnace-room heated by furnaces or large stoves, and the drying room overhead, into which the heated air passes through cracks in the floor. The furnace should be placed at one side, so it can be fed without entering the building.

The air is admitted through an open space near the ground, and this must be controlled in order to prevent uneven drying.

Hops are an uncertain crop, but are extremely profitable in certain years, the state of the market being determined largely by the stock held in storage, conditions at home and abroad, and the demand.

The crops are marketed wholly through middlemen. The dealer buys the crop, paying cash therefor, then sells it to the consumer on terms to suit his convenience.

RAISE CALVES BY HAND

C. H. Eckles, of the Missouri experiment station, says:

"The dairy calf is ordinarily raised by hand, since the milk of the dairy cow is usually worth so much more than the calf that it receives the first consideration. It is a well-established fact that a calf raised on skim milk is equally good as one nursed by its mother. In localities familiar with dairying this is well understood, but in other places is virtually unknown and a strong prejudice exists against feeding skim milk on account of the unhealthy and undersized calves that have been raised in this way. Such calves are the victims of ignorance or carelessness. The skim milk calf raised properly differs little, if any, in size, quality, thrift and value from the same animal when raised by the cow. The poor results which have so often followed the feeding of skim milk have been due to the faulty methods, and not because the cream which has been taken out is of so much importance to the calf.

"The skim milk differs from the unskimmed only in the amount of fa contains. The fat is not the most portant part of the milk for the Protein is the curd of the milk w is seen when milk sours. The pro builds up the muscles, nerves, hoofs and horns, while the ash is for building the bones. The fat in milk does not go to form growth the animals, but furnishes heat fat on the body. A substitute for fat can be supplied much cheaper grains such as corn. The calf fed skim milk is not generally quite so during the first six months of its as the one nursed by the cow, often has a better development of and muscle.

"The total amount of feed requ to raise a calf six months of ag about as follows: Whole milk, 30 pounds; skim milk, 2,300—3,000 pou grain, 150 pounds; hay (or pastu 500 pounds.

"It has been found by trial that pounds of grain replace one pound milk. From this the economy of s milk as a feed is apparent, since pound of butter is worth from 2 30 times as much as a pound of gr Calves raised on skim milk sh gain on an average about 1½ pou per day up to six months of age."

"Second Summer" of Flowers.

London Times.

It is not easy to describe the m fold misery of the countryside in fourth week of a fiery drought— after day without even a little dew The fields and hedgerows are b to tinder, the July flowers are d and shriveled before they had tim perfect the seeds that are their hope of resurrection. The clin fists thrust up from fern roots dead; having first opened like hand of a dying child (sign sorro to mothers) too weary to fight life any longer.

Much more rain must come be the scars of the past wretchedness appear. In some cases, though, may hope for a second growth summer flowers—a mystery wh happened in 1887 in some parts of country. Even in the deepest and m sheltered lanes it is possible to green lives. The crannies and rif walled Sussex hedgerows, where looks for rare ferns and other tr ures, hold only handfuls of dry Even the seashore flowers, so lov ly described by the late Lord de T ley, are dead and mouldering dust. They are the hardiest of But they do not drink the mois from the sea; like all the rest, t must have a little rain to live by.

Prayer Halls in Russia.

Sunday at Home.

In the villages of Russia the "prayer hall" is the common "izba" or cottage of a Stundist mujik, or a shed attached to a very primitive farmstead surrounded by prodigious quantities of mud, dust or snow, according to the season of the year. A separate building erected expressly for worship among the rural evangelicals of Russia is a luxury yet to be provided in the great majority of cases. The meeting place, whether "izba" or outhouse, has walls of earth. It is without ceiling. The floor is the bare earth, trodden hard by many feet through the lapse of long years, and worn into lumps and hollows. The walls are lime washed and destitute of decoration or adornment. There are rough wooden benches around and across the room. The place is usually packed to suffocation with men, women and children, crowded on the seats, thronging the doorways, and huddling together on the top of the huge stove.

A Great Burgoo Artist.

Columbus Evening Dispatch.

Gus Jaubert, of Lexington, Ky., who has been engaged by the Jefferson club to make burgoo to be served at the Bryan meeting at Olentangy park on Monday, arrived in Columbus Tuesday and is now busy at the park arranging for a place to cook this wonderful fish. He brought with him the kettles in which the burgoo is mixed, and two of them hold 700 gallons each, another holds 250 gallons and the smallest of the lot 150.

Mr. Jaubert has a burgoo record that cannot be beaten. He has made burgoo under all conditions, for every class of people. The largest amount he ever made was at the G. A. R. encampment at Louisville in 1895, when he served in the neighborhood of 200,000 persons. He is 73 years old and is a veteran of the civil war, having been with Morgan.

Nationality of Eggs.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Is it possible to tell the nationality of an egg by inspection. The question is raised in acute form by the evidence given yesterday in the prosecution of a Lancashire firm for selling Russian eggs as Irish, which resulted in acquittal. The experts varied, as even experts will. One confidently pronounced the eggs in question Russians nearly five weeks old; another said they were second class Russians; a third specified the south of Russia. On the other hand, experts for the defense were equally positive that nobody could tell the birthplace of an egg from external examination. We are most impressed by the witness who said that when eggs were bad their nationality was indeterminable. On the whole, one is bound to come to the conclusion that the average purchaser of eggs must take their nationality upon trust. He may have his suspicions, no doubt, based upon the eggs' apparent antiquity. But the ordinary consumer cannot get beyond Dan Leno's division of the genus into "new laid eggs," "fresh eggs" and "eggs."

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This handsome little Doll's House is decorated in colors, with painted chimney, windows, porch, etc. It is given extra and in addition to the other nine presents included in this offer, just for promptness. Send me your name promptly—at once, and get this nice little Doll's House as an extra present to complete the combination.

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Too Many Books.

ndon Daily Chronicle.

arnaby Rich, in his preface to "A Description of Ireland," published 1600, writes:

One of the diseases of this age is multitude of books, that doth so ercharge the world that it is not to digest the abundance of idle tter that is every day hatched and ught into the world, that are as ers in their forms as their authors in their faces. It is but a thriftand thankless occupation, this ting of books. A man were better t singing in a cobbler's shop, for pay is certainly a penny a patch! a book writer, if he gets somees a few commendations of the juous, he shall be sure to reap a usand reproaches of the malis!"

A Fair Swap.

econd-hand tombstone by the e of Johnson for sale at this of-, or will trade it for a good buck-

"Sure! I lost a fortune on the t."

"Aw, g'wan!"

"It's a fact. I was all ready to put the market 'The Nerve Tonic t Brought Jim Jeffries Back,' and have made a million out of it!'— cago Tribune.

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Private Coleridge.

London Weekly Telegraph.

In his young days the poet Coleridge had a little love affair which ended in disaster, for the lady refused him. In despair he enlisted in a cavalry regiment which he hoped would be ordered on foreign service. For family reasons he dropped his correct name, but from a feeling of sentiment retained the initials; so Samuel Taylor Coleridge became Private Silas Tompkins Camberbatch. The regiment did not leave the county, and it was not long before his soul wearied of barrack life and its utter absence of romance. His military life ended in a curious fashion.

One day while Coleridge was doing a weary sentry go two officers strolled past. One of them made use of a Greek quotation, which the other corrected. The first insisted on its correctness, while the other was just as positive he was wrong. While they disputed the sentry suddenly presented arms, and respectfully informed them that they were both in error. He gave the exact quotation, name of the author and other circumstances. This incident led to an inquiry and the poet was restored to the bosom of his family.

Summer Hotel Amenities.

Boston Transcript.

She — (coming out on plaza) — "What! only you here? Where have all the nice boys gone?"

He—(bitingly)—"They've gone off strolling with all the nice girls."

Consul Luther T. Ellsworth, of Ciudad Porfrio Diaz notes that a colony of sugarbeet growers from Colorado is locating near that Mexican city.

Presidential Privilege.

Chicago Tribune.

The Hon. Martin W. Littleton complained that he gets no credit when he defeats President Taft at golf—that when the President beats him the news travels from coast to coast, but when he beats the President he can't get a line printed about it. The Hon. Mr. Littleton "simply smothered" Mr. Taft the other day and his revenge for what the President did to him at Atlanta would have been complete and satisfactory had he been able to persuade a single correspondent to send out a word about it.

Mr. Littleton should be ashamed of himself. No one ever should defeat Mr. Taft at golf. Hasn't he enough troubles with Mr. La Follette and Controller bay and tariff schedules? Must he also go home and spend the evening worrying about his game?

When the day is done and the evening gone; when the old clock has struck 10 and the cat has been put out; when the back door has been locked and when Mr. Taft, in his slippers, has come out on the front porch to take one last look over the front lawn to see if the hired man shut off the sprinkler—at this quiet hour when he may be thinking that it's a stubborn and vexatious world, filled with contrary people, he ought to be permitted to reflect pleasantly that at least there's one thing he can do, by George!—Come one, come all, and he can wallop them at golf.

If Mr. Littleton did defeat the President, he should apologize to him rather than try to hire a press agent.

Motor Cars Supplant the Camel.

Daily Consular Report.

One by one, slowly, but none the less surely, things old and venerable are pushed aside, destroyed or disregarded by trade, progress and other relentless instruments of change. The latest is the attack on the Asiatic caravan, by means of which the best tea has been brought from China across the Great Gobi Desert of Central Asia to Russia, crossing en route three high mountain ranges. This picturesque transportation by camel will soon give way before the motor car. A line, running at regular intervals, has already been established and two weeks' time is cut off.

Twickenham Ferry.

"Ahoy and Oho! and it's who's for the ferry?"
(The brier's in bud and the sun going down);
"And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.
The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young,
With just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue;
And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.

"Ahoy! and Oho! and it's I'm for the ferry;"
(The brier's in bud and the sun going down);
"And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny;
Ond oh, how can I get me to Twickenham Town?"
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry—
"And sure, but you're welcome to Twickenham Town."

"Ahoy! and Oho—" You're too late for the ferry;
(The brier's in bud and the sun has gone down);
And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady—
It seems quite a journey to Twickenham Town.
"Ahoy! and Oho!" you may call as you will,
The young moon is rising o'er Petersham hill;
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town. —Theophile Marzials.

"What is meant by 'rule of three,' pa?"

"When a man, his wife and her mother try to run things together."—Judge.

Farmer Hayrick—"Here's where the feller jumped his board."

Farmer Corncrib—"Call it Lover's Leap and charge fer it."—New York Sun.

Brief Stories of Mythology.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE—VI.

Many have heard the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, a tragedy that ended in the death of two persons. If you are not acquainted with the tale it is not the fault of the poets. Babylonia is the place where the handsome Pyramus and the beautiful Thisbe resided in adjoining houses. Their friendship for one another soon turned to love, and they would have been married but for the objections of their respective parents. Though the youth and maiden could not converse openly they did so by signs and glances. There was a wall between the two houses to prevent the lovers from seeing each other. The parents had overlooked a crack through which the young people were accustomd to hold conversation. They met here every day, he on one side and she on the other.

One day they resolved to meet outside the grounds as soon as it became dark and they could leave their respective dwellings without anyone being the wiser. The appointd trysting place was the tomb of Ninus, which stood just without the city's bounds. The one who reached there first was to await the other's arrival at the foot of a certain white mulberry tree standing near a cool spring. When the sun had disappeared behind the horizon and all was dim in the evening twilight Thisbe, covering her head with a veil, stole down to the meeting place. While waiting for Pyramus she looked up and beheld a powerful lioness, her jaws reeking with blood, approaching the fountain to quench her thirst. Thisbe fled and sought refuge in the hollow of a rock, dropping her veil in the flight. The lioness was soon done drinking and started to return to the woods when she noticed the veil. She immediately stopped and rent it with her bloody mouth.

Pyramus who had been delayed, now approached the place of meeting. Discovering in the sand the foosteps of the lioness and the torn and bloody veil he cried out in anguish that he had been the cause of Thisbe's death, and declared that he would follow her to the grave. He took up the veil, carried it with him to the appointed tree, and covering it with kisses and tears said, "My blood shall also stain your texture." He then drew his sword and plunged it in to his heart. The blood, spurting from the wound, changed the white mulberries to a red color, and, sinking in the earth, reached the roots so that the red color mounted through the trunk to the fruit.

Thisbe, wishing to tell her lover of the danger she had escaped, but still trembling with fear, issued from her hiding place. She drew back a little when she noticed the changed color of the mulberries, being doubtful as to whether it was the same place. As she hesitated she saw a form struggling in the agonies of death. She screamed when she saw the face of her lover and threw herself upon him, embracing the lifeless body, pouring tears into his wounds, and imprinting kisses on his cold lips. "Oh, Pyramus," she cried, "what has done this? Answer me, Pyramus; it is your own Thisbe that speaks. Hear me dearest, and lift that drooping head!" At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus opened his eyes and then closed them. She saw her veil stained with blood and the scabbard empty of the sword. "Thy own hand has slain thee, and for my sake," she said, "I, too, can be brave for once, and my love is as strong as thine. I will follow thee in death, for I have been the cause; and death, which alone could part us, shall not prevent my joining thee. And thee, unhappy parents of us both, deny us not our united request. As love and death have joined us, let one tomb contain us. And thou, tree, retain the blood." So saying, she plunged the sword into her breast. Her parents acceded to her wish and the gods ratified it. The two bodies were buried in one sepulchre, and the tree ever after brought forth purple berries, as it does to this day.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

WEST VIRGINIA GAME LAWS

Please give the open seasons for game in West Virginia.—A. D. W., Coco, W. Va.

The open seasons for game in West Virginia are: Deer, from October 15 to December 1; rabbit, in Brooke, Hancock, Harrison, Marion, Marshall and Ohio counties, from November 2 to December 20; squirrel (gray, black, red, fox) September 1 to December 1; quail, November 1 to December 1; ruffled grouse, wild turkey, from October 15 to December 1; pheasants (English, Chinese, Reeves, Lady Amherst, or any other introduced foreign game bird), no open season; plover, sandpiper, woodcock, reedbird, rail, from July 15 to December 20; snipe, from October 15 to March 1; duck (except wood duck), no open season; goose. brant, from September 1 to April 20.

ANTONIO STRADIVARI

Will you please give, in the columns of The Blade, an account of Stradivari and his violins?—R. M., St. Charles, Mich.

Antonio Stradivari, the Italian violin maker, was born in 1649 and died in 1737. He was the pupil of Nicoli Amati, in whose employment he remained until about 1679, when he began making violins on his own account. He settled the typical pattern of the Cremona violin, and his instruments, for tone and finish, have never yet been excelled. His improvements consisted chiefly in lowering the height of the arch of the belly, in making the four corner blocks more massive, in giving greater curvature to the middle ribs, in altering the setting of the sound holes and in making the scroll more massive and prominent. He reached his greatest perfection in his art about 1714. He also made many other kinds of musical instruments, but it is on his violins of all kinds that his fame rests.

There are many so-called Stradivari violins in existence, but few, if any of them, are genuine.

JOHN H. NEWMAN

Please give a sketch of J. H. Newman, author of "Lead, Kindly Light."—R. B., Viola, Wis.

John Henry Newman was born in London in 1801 and died in 1890. He was a religious leader, educated at Trinity college, Oxford. He took Anglican orders in 1824 and was associated with Keble and Busey in originating the "Oxford Movement." He was also a leader in the propaganda of High Church doctrines by means of the celebrated "Tracts for the Times." In 1845 he joined the Roman Catholic church and in 1849 established a branch of the Brotherhood of St. Philip Neri at Edgbaston, where he took up his residence. He was created cardinal in 1879. He wrote many sermons, lectures, essays, poems, including "Lead, Kindly Light" and other works.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN

Will you kindly give in the columns of the Blade, a biographical sketch of Robert Todd Lincoln.—H. H. Kinder, W. Va.

Robert Todd Lincoln was born in Springfield, Ill., Aug. 1, 1843. He graduated from Harvard university in 1864, and then joined General Grant, serving on his staff as a volunteer aide without pay or allowances. This did not meet General Grant's approval, and at his request young Lincoln was commissioned as a captain. He served with zeal and efficiency until the war was over. He then resumed the study of law. He was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession with great success in Chicago. Mr. Lincoln was appointed secretary of war by President Garfield, and retained the office under President Arthur. His administration of the affairs of the war department earned him warm encomiums. He is still practicing law in Chicago.

TRIBUTE TO A BROTHER

Please answer in the Blade whether Robert Ingersoll made any remarks on his deathbed relative to the life he had led. Also give his tribute to his brother.—F. O. B., Baxley. Ala.

Mr Ingersoll made no deathbed remarks relative to his life. It has been intimated that he did, but it is not true. Mr. Ingersoll's tribute to his brother follows:

"Dear Friends—I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

"The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

"He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

"Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

"This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

"He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

"He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words, 'For justice all place a temple, and all season, summer.' He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were everyone to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

"He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

"And now, to you, who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

"Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man."

WEST POINT

Will you please give the requirements of a student to enter West Point?—R. F. W., New Albany, Pa.

Each senator, congressional district and territory, is entitled to have one cadet at the academy. Appointments are usually made one year in advance of date of admission by the secretary of war, upon the nomination of the senator or representative. Appointees to the academy must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in English grammar, English composition, English literature, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography and the elements of physical geography of the United States, United States history and the outlines of general history. The course of instruction covers four years and is largely mathematical and professional. About one-fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examinations and but little over one-half of the remainder are finally graduated. The discipline is very strict, even more so than in the army.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Please give full information in regard to British Columbia.—J. T. F. H., Snit, N. C.

The climate of British Columbia is temperate and salubrious and extremely favorable to vegetation. There is, however, a decided difference between the coast district and the inland plateau, the extremes of temperature being much greater in the latter, and the rainfall very much less. Fish are abundant in all the streams and on the coasts. There are many fertile districts in the colony, among which may be mentioned the delta of the Fraser river. Wheat, barley, oats and other cereals ripen readily and give an excellent return, and the grass of the country is adapted for fattening cattle. Fruit grows in perfection. The colony contains valuable mineral deposits, the most important being gold and silver. Coal is worked and exported. Timber, fish, furs and hides form valuable articles of export.

STATISTICS OF POPULATION

I would like to have you give in the Blade a list of the 15 largest cities in the United States and their population.—M. S., Lowell, O.

The 15 largest cities in the United States and their population are as follows: New York, N. Y., 4,766,883. Chicago, Ill., 2,185,283; Philadelphia, Pa., 1,549,008; St. Louis, Mo., 687,029; Boston, Mass., 670,585; Cleveland, Ohio, 560,663; Baltimore, Md., 558,485; Pittsburgh, Pa., 533,905; Detroit, Mich., 465,766; Buffalo, N. Y., 423,715; San Francisco, Cal., 416,912; Milwaukee, Wis., 373,857; Cincinnati, Ohio, 364,463; Newark, N. J., 347,469; New Orleans, La., 339,075.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Please tell whether Harold Bell Wright ever preached the gospel.—G. P. C., Louisville, Ga.

Harold Bell Wright entered the ministry in 1897, being pastor of the Christian church in Pierce City, Mo. He later was pastor of churches of the same denomination in Pittsburg, Kan., Kansas City, Mo., Lebanon, Mo., and Redlands, Cal. He retired from the ministry in 1908.

JAMES KENT

Will you kindly give a sketch of the life of James Kent?—L. L. K., Weidman, Mich.

James Kent was born in Phillippi, N. Y., in 1763, and died in 1847. He was an American jurist and became judge of the Supreme Court of New York in 1798. He was its chief justice from 1804 to 1814 and was chancellor of the state from 1814 to 1828. He became professor of law in Columbia College and was one of the fathers of American jurisprudence. His chief work was "Commentaries on American Law."

CIVIL WAR DEATHS

Please tell the number of lives lost on the Federal and Confederate sides during the Civil War.—C. P., Huntington, W. Va.

The total number of deaths from all causes in the union army during the Civil war was 359,528. A many records are incomplete the actual number must be somewhat larger. The confederate losses were quite as severe in proportion to strength, but the records are wanting to such an extent as to make definite estimates of little value. And if the records of death are incomplete, it is easy to understand how impossible it would be to give anything approaching an accurate estimate of the wounded.

MISCELLANEOUS

F. A. H., Flora, Ill.—Information on the obtaining of homesteads in North and South Dakota was published in the news columns of the Blade of August 3.

G. C. B., Robbinsville, N. C.—The Bureau is unable to answer your question.

D. M., Athens, Ohio.—Rust may be removed from steel by immersing the article in kerosene for a few days, when it can be easily rubbed off. Where it is not deepseated, emery paper will do, but if of long standing, the goods must be refinished.

S. W. W., Beckett, Ohio.—The Bureau cannot answer your question. The auditor of your county may be able to give you the information you want.

H. M. D., Laurelville, Ohio.—You can probably obtain the information you wish by writing to the U. S. Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

F. P. H. Barryton, Mich.—The marriage of second and third cousins is ot forbidden either in Michigan or Ohio.

A. E. L. Wakeman, Ohio.—If you will read the rules governing the Question Bureau you will see why your questions cannot receive attention.

C. W. C., Chippewa Lake, Ohio.—The book on Andersonville was written by Mr. McElroy, now editor of the National Tribune, Washington, D. C. So far as we know the book is out of print.

N. M Jekin, Ind.—Write to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., for the information you wish.

W. M. B., Saylorsburg, Pa.—An article on aluminum was published in the Blade of June 22.

J. C., Woodstock, Ohio.—The greatest famine known in Ireland was in 1846.

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A Solomon.

Without detracting from Solomon's reputation for wisdom, it may be said that the judge in the following story, which the Troy Times attributes to Joseph H. Choate, displayed no less shrewdness and ingenuity in the dispensation of justice than the Hebrew king himself.

The case occurred some 40 years ago. A workman claimed to have lost the sight of his left eye in an explosion. There was no doubt about the explosion, and there was no doubt that the workman's eye had been injured; but the physicians claimed that he could see out of it, while he stoutly declared that the sight was utterly destroyed.

The judge heard all the evidence man from the court room, he said:

"Get a blackboard and write a sentence on it with green chalk. Also get a pair of spectacles with ordinary clear glass for the left eye and with red glass for the right." This, in the course of an hour or so, was done. Then the workman was brought back, and he was ordered to put the queer glasses on. He put them on ,and the judge said to him:

"Turn the blackboard round and see if you can read what is written."

The man read the sentence without hesitation, whereupon the judge said to him, sternly:

"Your case is dismissed. You are an impostor. You must have read that sentence with your left eye, for the red glass over the right one turned the green writing black, and made it quite invisible on the blackboard."

Old New Harbor.

Daily Kenebec Journal.

Several Maine towns are celebrating their 100th anniversary this year, but the village of New Harbor, although it is to hold no formal celebration, boasts the 286th anniversary of its settling.

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She's the First Woman "Cop"

MRS. ALICE STEBBINS WELLS has the distinction of being the first woman police officer in America. If one pictures here as having enough muscular development to drag a culprit off to justice, one is fairly speechless when this slender little woman appears upon the speaker's platform dressed in a filmy white gown. She is below the average in height, with an earnest fact and delicate hands, almost like a child's, and is a natural and convincing speaker.

It is just 10 months since a special ordinance was passed by the city of Los Angeles, appointing her to this position, which she herself sought, feeling that her work of social service could be more satisfactorily carried out with the authority of the office; and Mayor Alexander says, "The experiment has proved successful, especially in the matter of public dance halls and matters of that kind."

In the autumn a leave of absence is to be given her for a lecture tour throughout California. Her aim is to put the thinking public in touch with the problems with which she has come in direct contact, to create public opinion on many vital subjects where the laws are inadequate or wanting, not only in regard to city regulations, but state laws, that the necessary changes may be brought about to make efficient work possible. Among the subjects upon which she will speak are, "The Need of a Police Woman and Her Work," "Side Lights on the Girl Question," "Household Economics as a Crime Preventive" "The Teaching of Social Hygiene," "Woman in Public Life," "The Message of the Prophets for Today."

Mrs. Wells believes that "the police department represents the strategic point at which virtue can meet vice, strength can meet weakness and guide them into preventive and redemptive channels." The idea is growing throughout the police department of using preventive rather than corrective measures, and it is especially in this line that her services are valuable. Parents whose children are entirely beyond their control come to her for advice and guidance, sometimes asking her to keep a watch upon them. Letters come to her inquiring for relatives who have settled there. A family may be anxious over a daughter at work here whose letters suddenly cease, or parents may have suspicions that a married daughter is abused or deserted by her husband.

Mrs. Wells say, "The woman officer is not here to do anything that a man can do better, or even so well, but the police are glad to turn over such cases to her as require a woman's tact and understanding."

When she was asked to cite some of the cases that had been helped she smiled and shook her head. "People come to me with the assurance that whatever is said and done shall be entirely confidential. There is, however, one story I can tell you.

"A young girl in Colorado was asked by a relative if she would go to California with him to take care of his little children. They went to a small place in the southern part of the state, and in a few days after their arrival he said that he had no money to support her to send her home and she would have to go to Los Angeles and hunt for a posotion. She wrote her parents that she had been cut adrift, but they were too poor to send her money to return, and in their anxiety of her, for she was only 17, they wrote asking me to see if she was were at the address given. I did not expect to find her, but to my surprise she was there, in a small room in a lodging house that she had taken with another girl, and she prepared her food in her own room. She had found a position in a factory, where she worked for a mere pittance. She had a keener sense than most girls thrown on the world, for although, better offers had been made her she said there was something about the places she didn't like and she preferred to work in the factory at less wages. A more suitable home was found for her, and a probation officer hearing of the case offered to make her friendly visits. The girl's relative was sought for but had disappeared."

ECHOES.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light!

Yet love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet
Then e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute or soft guitar
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere—
And only then,
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—
Is by that one, that only Dear,
Breathed back again.
—Thomas Moore.

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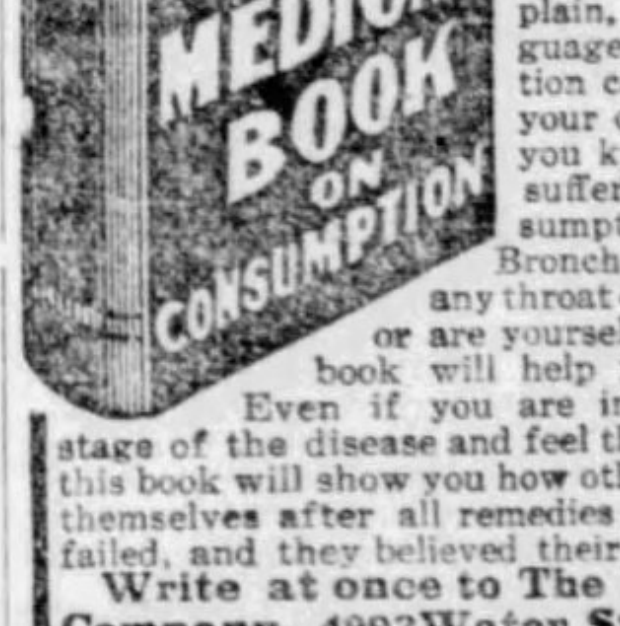
Much in Little.

Consul George A. Bucklin, Jr., suggests an opening for coin-operated slot machines in San Luis Potosi, a Mexican city of 70,000 people.

Records of the port of New York since the beginning of the year show that the nation will receive one million immigrants before 1911 comes.



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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1911.

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The more critics President Taft has the more bright things he says.

Madero says he is for the plain people. And there are lots of 'em in Mexico.

The toadstool isn't as spectacular as the aeroplane, but it has its own list of killed.

John W. Gates' will was the kind to make everybody and his wife's kin feel good.

Probably some of the things people do more than meet the devil's fondest expectations.

One trouble with matrimony is that the failures do nearly all the talking for publication.

Dr. Mary Walker denies the report that she is 81 years old. She won't be 79 until November.

"A crown, if it hurts us, is hardly worth wearing," a philosopher has said. Same with shoes.

Those who think there is no money in farming should not forget Farmer Gotch, of Humboldt, Iowa.

Many Canadians never knew how they hated the United States until the reciprocity question came up.

What sort of emotion was it that caused a man to send counterfeit money to a conscience fund?

Metal hats for women are announced. Does it mean that the wash boiler is to succeed the peach basket?

Michigan hasn't baskets enough to hold this year's grape crop. In which case it may have to resort to kegs.

An effort will be made to supplant the army mule with a motor truck. War is losing its fascinating features.

Even honest people are tempted to smile when somebody steals fifty or a hundred thousand dollars from some trust.

There will be a lot of trouble in the world if "essential monogamy" is ever recognized as grounds for divorce.

Probably the world will come to an end some day. If it doesn't the prophets will be pretty sore at themselves.

The vegetarian is beating the meat eater in a cross-country walk. A fine boost for the batting average of boiled cabbage.

A Boston man has invented a mechanical woman that walks, talks and sings. She's so natural that she can't keep a secret.

Some people don't begin to realize the rapid flight of time until the conductor makes them pay full fare for their children.

That religious sect that substitutes work for prayer will not attract lazy sinners, but it will accomplish something worth while.

A government report says that fifteen million flies have been swatted this summer. We know of 17 that succumbed to the inevitable.

Lady Cook says that men are having a harder time than ever to get women to marry them. Was there ever a time when it was easy?

Laurajean believes that engagements should be quiet, but she wouldn't discourage the idea of having a brass band play the wedding march.

One drink puts a man under the influence of liquor, says a Georgia judge. Of course, but he doesn't want to sing until he has had about seven.

There are some things that need explanation. The wife of the man who was acknowledged a year ago to be the model husband has committed suicide.

The farmers say they get less than one-third of the consumer's dollar. The consumer doesn't always know what he gets, but he knows where he gets it.

A Missouri woman narrowly escaped marrying the meanest man the other day. She walked two hundred miles to wed him and then he rejected her.

ARBITRATION IN BUSINESS.

A plan for speedy and inexpensive adjustment of differences between merchants, adopted by the New York Chamber of Commerce, embodies much that is commendable. It provides that in any matter of controversy the disputants, to obtain the Chamber's means of arbitration, must sign a form of submission stating briefly the nature of the controversy. The parties bind themselves to submit their case to the arbitrator, or arbitrators and agree to abide by the decision, which is then entered as a judgment of the supreme court of the state of New York.

Discussing the plan, editorially, the New York Evening Post says that it is no reflection on the courts to recognize that, in a very large proportion of commercial cases, arbitration is infinitely preferable.

From the list of official arbitrators of the New York Chamber of Commerce, consisting of 200 of its members, the disputants have two options in the selection of arbitrators. They may choose one individual as sole arbitrator; they may select two arbitrators who shall select a third.

"The advantages of recourse to such a method as compared with the necessarily more technical, more expensive and less expeditious procedure of the courts are so manifest that it seems singular that its employment has been so frequent," says the Post. "Where both parties to a controversy want it settled on its substantial merits, it is a thousand pities that they should waste their own time and money and encumber the dockets of the courts in a long drawn out process of law."

RECORDING RAIL WRECKS.

The interstate commerce commission is now required to keep detailed records of all railroad accidents and a tabulated statement of the number of persons killed and injured. The figures, showing that 7,700 persons have been killed and more than 55,000 injured this year are appalling and contrast sharply with the coast and lake steamship record, showing loss of remarkably few lives. The proportion of railroad fatalities in the United States is much greater than abroad, while it is probably true that steamboat travel is safer than in any other country in the world.

The report of the United States life saving service for 1910 shows that only 53 lives were lost in 1,463 boats involved in disaster, and to which the life savers rendered assistance. Of the 53, 14 were lost from small undocumented motor and sail vessels, while 23 of the remaining 39 were aboard a freight vessel which foundered off the coast of Oregon.

Though an occasional shocking disaster occurs on the great lakes, the good record of the passenger boats is marvelous. Of the tens of thousands of passengers taken out of Toledo this year by the steamers, operated by trained officers, licensed by the government, not one has lost his life.

The interstate commerce commission may, in time, determine definitely where the fault lies with the railroads and recommend remedial legislation.

AWAKENING OF CHINA.

There have just arrived in the United States 72 Chinese students, three of whom are girls, seeking higher education in the various universities and schools of technical instruction in mining, agriculture, engineering and the like. China now has in training in American educational institutions more than 800 students. Compared with the Chinese population of uncounted teeming millions, the number may seem inconsequential, but the fact is of tremendous significance. Comparatively few years ago Japan adopted the policy of sending some of its brightest young people to the United States, not only to enter our universities, but to travel over the country and make report on political and industrial conditions generally. With amazing rapidity Japan awakened from centuries of somnolence and the Chinese, apparently, are about to follow their example.

Instead of sitting at their temple doors, repeating again and again, "How great is Confucius," or doing things just because they have been done that way for thousands of years, the educated young Chinese who will return to their native land, will be busy spreading the gospel of progress.

COSTS MORE TO DIE.

New and elaborate styles in bronze coffins weigh 600 pounds and cost $800 to $2,000 each and there are mahogany caskets upon which the carving alone represents three months' work. In many cities the price of cemetery plots and carriage hire have increased. The cost of dying has increased out of proportion with the cost of living. Materials and wages are higher, of course, but apparently the demand for extravagant, ostentatious display, even in mourning, is the real reason for the greater part of the added expense.

OVER-RECOMMENDED.

A magazine writer with a talent for phrases wrote an article not so long ago entitled "The Bailey Myth." Now that was an inspiration with a halo around it. There was genius in the pen. For if ever there was a man who was not and never could be what he pretended to be, it was the junior senator from Texas.

It is one of the things which proves the excellence of the mysterious laws which govern human life that the charlatan always gets found out—given time and a smoothly running rope. The rule applies to every walk and particularly to that of politics. Mr. Bailey has strutted, blustered, bluffed until everyone within sound of his voice or with the patience to read the man's speeches has had him long ago placed and ticketed in that department of natural history to which he belonged. It is told that a darky down in Texas wandered to the outskirts of a crowd which Bailey was addressing. Asked afterward who the orator was, the darky answered: "I didn't git his name, but he give hisself a powerful fine rec-mendation." That summed up the Honorable Joseph W. Bailey, now happily announcing his retirement from public life. For 20 years and more he has been rec'mending hisself extravagantly and expensively. But no one, at this hour, is prepared to countersign the document.

NOT A TREATY.

Contrary to popular opinion, the proposed trade reciprocity between the United States and Canada, urged by President Taft, and which will be the issue in the election of the Canadian parliament September 21, will not be in the form of a treaty. It is merely an agreement, consisting of two letters, that each government will revise its tariff laws and remove import duties imposed by each with reference to the other.

As one of the Canadian Liberal newspapers, in advocating the cause of the Liberals, who champion reciprocity, says: "Nothing could be more distinct and explicit than the understanding arrived at by the Canadian and American negotiators. The correspondence between Hon. Messrs. Fielding and Paterson, representing the Canadian government, and Secretary Knox explains the pact fully and concisely."

The letter from the Canadian negotiators follows:

> "We desire to set forth what we understand to be the contemplated arrangement, and to ask you to confirm it. It is agreed that the desired tariff changes shall not take the formal shape of a treaty, but that the governments of the two countries will use their utmost efforts to bring about such changes by concurrent legislation at Washington and Ottawa.
>
> "The governments of the two countries having made this agreement from the conviction that, if confirmed by the necessary legislative authorities, it will benefit the people on both sides of the border line, we may reasonably hope and expect that the arrangements, if so confirmed, will remain in operation for a considerable period. Only this expectation on the part of both governments would justify the time and labor that have been employed in the maturing of the proposed measures. Nevertheless, it is distinctly understood that WE DO NOT ATTEMPT TO BIND FOR THE FUTURE THE ACTION OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS OR THE PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, BUT THAT EACH OF THESE AUTHORITIES SHALL BE ABSOLUTELY FREE TO MAKE ANY CHANGE OF TARIFF POLICY OR OF ANY OTHER MATTER COVERED BY THE PRESENT ARRANGEMENT THAT MAY BE DEEMED EXPEDIENT.
>
> "We look for the continuance of the arrangement not because either party is bound to it, but because of our conviction that the more liberal trade policy thus to be established will be viewed by the people of the United States and Canada as one which will strengthen the friendly relations now happily prevailing and promote the commercial interests of both countries."
>
> Mr. Knox's reply:
>
> "I take great pleasure in replying that your statement of the proposed agreement is entirely in accord with my understanding of it."

WHERE POLITICS IS VIGOROUS.

President Gomez of Cuba reatins his office in the face of prophecy. Immediately upon his election it was predicted that the island government would be overthrown and the American troops would be back again, for the third time restoring order and, at the same time, inciting hate against the "invader."

But, just the same, President Gomez has had to act with swiftness and a display of autocratic force. One or two small uprisings have been put down with severity, a night alarm brought the soldiers racing across Havana to the protection of the executive palace, and certain editors with more venom in their pens than discretion, have been banised from the republic.

It is not less the inheritance of the blood than the legacy of a tradition which makes government in Spanish America a matter of uncertainty. The "ins" feather their nests both because their predecessors always have done so and because their instinct lies that way. The "outs" plot and plan, stir up strife and play with gunpowder, because they find pleasure in it. It is just as natural for the officials to be corrupt as for politicians out of office to hunger for the chance to be corrupt. Whether the Latin-Americans will ever be weaned of the liking for making politics a sort of bull-fight might be doubted. It is part of the fibre and being of their lives.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

> The grounds taken for and against reciprocity are shown from the reports coming from all sections. The fight against reciprocity is made on both economic and sentimental grounds by the opposition speakers. They declare that agriculture in the United States is so much better developed than it is in Canada that the Canadian farmer will be swamped by the arrival of food products from the United States.—From a Canadian news dispatch.

The speeches at the grange meetings indicate that the opposition to the reciprocity arrangement among the American farmers is not dead. There are still fears. The bugaboo of a cheapened market is still paraded and in all sincerity. It ought to be plain to the American farmers, however, that the arguments against reciprocity cannot hold good both in the United States and in the Dominion of Canada. If the opponents raise the same ghosts, either the Americans or the Canadians are wrong. Which group is in error?

The value of the farm products of the United States last year amounted to $8,926,000,000. The prices were made in the home markets, for of all that tremendous product there was exported only about one-thirtieth. Of the total corn crop, less than 1½ per cent went out of the country. Of the wheat, less than 12 per cent was exported. With freer markets, with the export possibilities bettered, with the strain increased on home absorption, American farm products are more likely to command higher prices than to fall to a lower plane. There is some reasonableness in the fear of the Canadian farmers. There surely can be none in the case of the American agriculturists.

PUBLIC SPIRITED LAWYERS.

The patriotism and public spirit of members of the American Bar association has been demonstrated by their endorsement for a plan of uniform legislation in the states on negotiable instruments, warehouse receipts, stock transfers, bills of lading, wills, family desertion and divorce.

Several states already have uniform laws on some of these subjects. The result is fewer disputes, less litigation and correspondingly decreased business for the lawyers, many of whom are just as unselfish in this good work as the physicians who devote years to the prevention of diseas.

One of the best examples of unselfishness on record was the unanimous endorsement, in 1910, by the Ohio State Bar association, of the principle of a workmen's direct compensation law, as a result of the operation of which very few personal injury cases will hereafter be litigated and the workmen injured in industrial pursuits, whether by his own negligence or not, will be compensated directly out of a state industrial insurance fund. That law was enacted by the Ohio general assembly in less than a year after the Bar association's endorsement.

INTERNATIONAL FISTICUFF.

It remains for an editor in Texas, where gun play was a form of popular amusement only a few years ago, to suggest a plan for eliminating all powerful and costly implements and engines of war and bring warfare back to a matter of an international fisticuff or, at most, a fight with shinny sticks.

Since a gun has been invented to project a ball or torpedo seven miles, and aimed at almost any angle, it is believed that the airship's usefulness will be impaired, if not destroyed, as a war machine. In that event, the Texan suggests, the nations might come to formal agreement that airships be forbidden as a machine of war, thus saving the cost of building them as well as the cost of manufacturing the guns which render them useless. And indeed, why not let the whole game of war be played out in study or shop, eliminating an engine or implement of offense whenever some device of defense is invented that renders it useless, or nearly so.

Though the logic of the editor from Texas may not be wholly bullet-proof, the Peace Congress may find the idea worth considering, for what is the use of spending $50,000 to make a gun while some one else is making armor impervious to that gun's fire?

DEBTS OF AMERICAN CITIES.

Government census figures on the debts of American municipalities furnish concrete facts and the basis of sound argument in favor of general adoption of the commission plan of government in the interest of economy and efficiency. The growing conviction that taxpayers are not getting their money's worth is strengthened by the census showing that it costs $32.14 per capita to run the cities of the United States. The aggregate debt of 158 cities of more than 30,000 population was double the interest-bearing debt of the nation and these cities spend $770,000,000 annually.

Per capita expenditures of the cities included in the tabulation show that schools receive $6.36; streets, $5.46; health, $2.90; interest on public debt, $2.89; police, $2.25 and administration, $2.03.

Though the government does not classify separately cities which have adopted the commission form of government, the showing made by them, speaking generally, is in increased efficiency and better value received for the taxpayers' money.

LAW FOR LIARS.

"A law to facilitate the election of liars to office," might well be the title of the so-called Kimble corrupt practices act, placed upon the Ohio statute books by the last general assembly. It attempts to limit the election expenses of candidates and campaign committees to stipulated amounts and for certain clearly defined purposes, such as printing, advertising, hall rent, livery hire, fireworks and the like. The amounts range from $5,000, which a candidate for governor may disburse in his campaign, down to small sums for local offices.

The Kimble law was introduced last winter by B. F. Kimble, Democratic representative from Adams county, where votes had been almost as staple articles of merchandise as sugar and coffee, and where a considerable proportion of the population had been disfranchised by Judge A. Z. Blair.

While the Kimble bill was pending, an election scandal, unearthed in Cincinnati, jeopardized the seats of 10 members of the general assembly from Hamilton county. Defeated Democratic candidates filed formal contests, but it availed them nothing. A legislative investigating committee, which visited Cincinnati, was convinced quickly of deplorable conditions and the prevalence of fraud, but was unable to determine the number of fraudulent votes cast or identify the candidates who were the beneficiaries of the corruption of voters in whose itching palms hand-shaking ward heelers had deposited silver coins.

There was state-wide demand for political fumigation, especially along the Ohio river. Finally, when the legislature itself became contaminated with graft, the Kimble bill was made law. The theory was that it would have an anesthetic effect upon the aroused political conscienec of the people.

Politicians may readily recall the fact that, not many years ago, a law, similar in many respects and known as the Garfield law, was on the books. It required candidates to file itemized statements of campaign expenditures. They did. Honest men filed all the items and limited their expenditures. Dishonest candidates placed no limit on their expenditures—and forgot to file all the items. Everybody was satisfied that this condition existed, but proof was difficult if not impossible. Worse than farcical, that law was repealed.

The Kimble law will go, ultimately, the same way. Ideal theoretically, it is unworkable practically. It is a handicap on honesty, a premium on lying.

INTEREST THE WOMEN.

More than twenty states will cooperate in the "back to the farm movement," which will be the slogan of the National Association of State Immigration Officials at the cash-raising day in Chicago, September 20.

Government census figures, made public recently, prove that the "back to the farm" movement exists principally in literature in many parts of the country. The same figures show that the average increase in value of Ohio farm lands, exclusive of improvements, was six per cent a year during the decade ended in 1910. Daily market reports tell us that the price of farm products is aviating among the clouds.

Convinced that scientific farming is a sound business proposition, there are thousands of men in the great cities who would be engaged in it were it not for the objection of their wives to country life. Perhaps women are more gregarious than men, or the difficulty may lie elsewhere.

Who ever heard of a women's club in a city agitating the "back to the farm" movement. When the women do so, that movement will not be confined to literature and the National Association of State Immigration Officials can go out of business. Its work will have been accomplished.

MORE COMBINATION.

Hands rise in horror at the thought of the cotton growers combining to fix the price of the season's crop. They are interfering with the machinery of trade! They are putting hobbles upon the easy marketing of one of the great world commodities! They are violating the law of supply and demand!

Poor souls we human beings are! Twenty years and more ago commerce and industry began to be stirred with a new idea. Combination was the word. Co-operation was the principle. Evils and horrors and time-honored abuses of unhealthy competition began to be sloughed away. Ruthless of individuals, socialization gripped the imaginations of men and, whether they disliked the word or glorified it, it set them in groups, joined them in bands, bound them by the strongest chains of life—the chains of self-interest. But in our blindness we fought against the new idea, stormed against combination, legislated against co-operation, handed down verbose, futile decisions in support of competition. What does it matter if combination is wrong and competition has the endorsement of history and is mentioned among things hallowed and divine? We proceed steadily and unswervingly to join forces for the betterment of our pockets and the aggrandizement of our powers.

In the same issue of the newspaper which told that the cotton growers had established a definite price for all cotton to be marketed this year, was a prediction from the mouth of a labor leader that strike would follow on strike until wages were in keeping with the costs of living and another item that an eastern employers' association had decided to lay off workmen in order to forestall a threatened demand for increased wages. All three of these ideas breathe the trust idea. Not one in spirit but defies the Sherman anti-trust law and makes a monkey of the most prominent court decision of the year. Shall the cotton growers, victims of trusts for nearly a generation, be themselves denied the benefits of co-operation? Shall the unions be punished for linking hand to hand and loyalty to loyalty in order to make the home happier? Shall employers be forbidden that which others do every day and in a thousand ways, big and little? It may be that simple mortality might say no, but not fairness. They are powerless in the presence of realities. Combination moves onward to more thorough combination of all the elements of human endeavor and not one windy speech in denunciation of it or one obscure law in prohibition, nor "Piety nor Wit shall lure it back to cancel half a Line."

BLENDED DEPARTMENTS.

The Republican candidate for governor of Kentucky, in the course of a recent speech, said:

> The legislature is not responsible to the governor, but to the people. And I will take them home to the people. You say that takes two years. Certainly, but I mean to keep them there two years until they execute your will. They will stay there until they pass this state primary election law, a decent redistricting bill, a proper corrupt practices act; they will stay there if they have to all these two years, so they had better bring their overcoats and linen dusters with them when they come.

There can be no doubt that the political philosophy which demanded the entire separation of executive and legislative departments of government has failed to live up to its ornate language. It sounds well, but works poorly. The law-making bodies which have performed most creditably have been under the influence of strong administrative personalities. We may cite the instance of congress when Mr. Roosevelt was in office and of the legislature of New Jersey which last winter jumped through the hoop when Governor Woodrow Wilson held it.

Should the Republican candidate win the governorship of Kentucky, he will not have to hold the legislature in session for two years in order to gain the people's ends. He will need only to threaten to do so. Then, meek as a milch herd, the legislature will perform its public duties and go on about its private affairs. Administrative and legislative functions will have been blended—in defiance of a theory and no end of precedents. But with results.

THE LA FOLLETTE BOOM.

Mr. La Follette's achievements have been of a character which will assure his name a conspicuous place in history. His long and hard fight in Wisconsin should be placed beside the struggles of the pioneers with the wilderness. He was a strong governor. He was an unwavering champion for the restoration of popular government. In the senate he devoted the greater part of his talents to tearing down the embattlements of privilege, to opening the highway for the entrance of new thought, new moralities, new blood, into a chamber wherein convention in action and thought has been as sacred conserved as has been a cynical outlook on private and public honor.

Yet all these scores to Mr. LaFollette's credit do not justify Republicans in Minnesota in pledging their support to the senator's presidential aspirations. It takes more—a good deal more—than a reckless courage and a forward tongue to make the qualities suitable for a President. Mr. LaFollette has never demonstrated any constructive ability. He is a negative virtue. He can destroy. There is nothing in his career to show that he can build. Above all things which warrant caution in endorsing the senator's ambition is his weakness for putting personal dislikes, letting personal considerations, interfere with his public duties. Hope is stronger in him than patriotism, hate more compelling than loyalty to a truly progressive spirit. Mr. LaFollette will not do. Any pledge for him "first, last and all the time" is bound in the nature of things to be subject to the recall.

A Kansas woman announces that she wants a husband who is "a tower of strength, energetic and generous, very loving, very tender, very kind and courteous always." We suspect that she is too late, that he is already married.

The story is told of a New Jersey woman who receives a third of a million dollars for being kind to a supposed tramp. Don't turn the millionaires from your back door empty handed.

After reading the report of the Gotch-Hackenschmidt affair at Chicago we have decided that wrestling wouldn't be good for a lame back.

There is a moral in the Beattie trial for young men: So live that your father will not have to hide his face behind a fan.

To President Taft's judicial mind a supreme court judge ought to get a larger salary.

Before an American opposes immigration he should get rid of his foreign accent.

If man wants but little here below what do the suffragettes want?

Sunday School

MEN WHO CANNOT BE BURNT

International Sunday School Lesson for September 17 Is, "Daniel's Companions in the Fiery Furnace." Daniel 3.

By William T. Ellis.

One evening in the early part of this year I stood upon the highest point in the ruins of the palace of Nebuchadnezzer in old Babylon, and looked out over the desolate Mesopotamian desert that once was the proud capital of the whole world. The soil is red within the city and gray without; and that is almost the only sign by which an observer can tell where the city began or ended. The barrenness of this waste is so complete that only the inspired imagination of the Hebrew seers could picture it. For when the prophecies were penned, these dead fields were teeming with life.

Somewhere out on this plain there once stood a golden image of a god, probably Marduke, whose ruined temple is yonder hillock. It rose 90 feet high, shimmering beneath the rainless sky. I tried to imagine this now dreary stretch of desert as the scene of an imperial function like unto the coronation which Great Britain was preparing for King George. We fail to get the setting of this story unless we conceive of it in some such terms. It involved the apex of the career of a world-conquerer. All the resources of the empire were drawn upon to enhance its magnificence. Oriental love of pomp and pageantry actuated it. The sycophancy of an autocrat's court quickened hands and brains to do honor to the king. All the varied officials of a far-flung dominion, each with his own full paraphernalia and attendants of state, adorned the occasion.

Men Who Stood Alone.

So insatiable is the vanity of an oriental monarch, that Nebuchadnezzar decreed a universal, simultaneous prostration in honor of the image which he had set up, at a given signal. The stopping of all the wheels of industry at a given hour in memory of President McKinley was a remarkable feat, but it did not approach Babylonian proportions. That was a free-will expression of a sorrowing people; this was a compulsory action, at the behest of an absolute autocrat, who wanted to look upon a vast sea of humanity billowing in obeisance to him and his image. A nation on its knees—the thought was one to stir the pulses of Nebuchadnezzar.

As a stab to his pride, spiteful rumor quickly brought to his ears the sinister news that three Jews, favorites who stood high before him, had failed to make the required obeisance. When others bent low, they stood upright. The varying creeds of the capital had subserviently bent the knee to the king's favorite god. But these stiff-necked Jews had endangered their jobs and their lives by standing rigid amid the multitude of prone worshipers.

Keeping Flags Flying.

An uncouth saying declares a Scriptural truth: "God Almighty hates a quitter." Stronger language than that is used by the Old Testament to characterize disloyal and ungrateful persons, who go directly back upon their allegiance. When a person deliberately flies a flag, he should stand by it. That is the great thing in life. Dying is a small matter as compared with deserting one's post or principles. The three young Hebrews, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, may not have done the "politic" thing that day, but they did the princely thing. The mob that bowed to the image is forgotten; it is as lost as the image itself. But the three young men are a heritage of heroism for the world.

That spirit of fearless independence is rarer than we like to think. A few weeks ago the mad mob spirit burst from its home in the lawless pit, and seized upon the quiet, church-going town of Coatesville, Pa. In an hour the bulk of the American population had reverted to a condition of savagery; and the foul and inexcusable murder they committed remains as a hideous blot upon the name of Pennsylvania and America. It was only one more instance of the witless, willless crowd weakly worshiping before the hour's idol. Amid the 4,000 who participated in, or assentingly witnessed the fiendish torture of a wounded murderer, there was not a single person with manhood enough to say, "I serve law and order and justice; I will not bend the knee to mob rule and the violation of all that civilization esteems sacred." If there had been only one such man, Coatesville's nobler citizenship might have rallied around him and declared, "This man represents us and not these outlaws." Every day, in some degree, affords opportunity for the proving of real manhood, and for the flying of noble flags.

Shamu at Babylon.

Not the high and honorable only are required to be true to their high calling. I found myself welcomed at Babylon by the German excavators there, solely because I was introduced by my servant, Shamu, of Bagdad. They did not know me, but him they knew; and when he, who had traveled with me through hard weeks, vouched for me I was welcome. For Shamu has a name for faithfulness; this is not the place to tell the story of how often he has faced death rather than desert his employer. A wide region honors this humble servant of the highway, because in matters high or low he is faithful to his trust.

Nothing else in life counts like this. To have, like the three young Hebrews, some convictions that can never be abandoned, whatever the cost, is to have got hold of the secret of true manhood. What if all parents could be certain, as they send forth their sons, that, befall what may, they will be incapable of dishonor; would it not give peace to many a loving heart that is now torn with anxiety? There are many such young men; the last of them did not die with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; young men who will not betray their trust, who will not be false to their ideals, who are "gentlemen unafraid," fearing nothing but fear, are the salt of society and business. They know the noble art of standing by their flags.

A King's Rage.

Employes who know the unbridled and unreasoning anger of "the boss" can understand something of the plight of the three when they faced the hot rage, born of pricked pride, of the greatest monarch of the time, a king possessed of the power of life and death. He was incredulous that anybody should do a deed so contrary to expediency; religious loyalty he did not understand. "Is it of purpose . . . that ye worship not my god?"

Hear the kingly answer of these royal souls, who, because they feared Jehovah were not afraid of the face of man. "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Catch the nub of that? "Our God is able." Hold fast to that. That is the foundation for all overcoming character, and all serenity of heart. Pin faith there. "Our God is able." That is the basic truth of Christianity. Simple enough for a child to understand, it is yet beyond the compass of the wisest man's understanding. If we believe that, then life becomes simple and explicable. Trust is then reasonable and peace easy. But if for that faith we substitute mere human prudence. God have mercy upon us. For a creed that will suffice in all circumstances, and that will help one to hold up his head before kings, let us enshrine this in our deepest hearts: "Our God is able."

The Fiery Furnace's Failure.

The Germans at Babylon told me that they have come to a mysterious place of burning; they do not know what the burnt ground and ashes mean. The spot may have been a crematorium, or a place of sacrifice; "or," my informant added, half in jest, "it may have been the fiery furnace." They do not know; neither do I. The spirit and message of the fiery furnace are still ablaze in the world; who cares for a few ashes?

Into some sort of retort—foolishly heated sevenfold for the occasion, for the greater the heat the shorter the sufferings of the victims—the three young men were cast. The event must have created as great a sensation as the worship of the golden image; assuredly it fixed the attention of the city upon the Hebrews and their faith. The fire was not hotter than the king's rage; yet it consumed the attendants who cast the young men into it. This incident would be told over and over again wherever men congregated in Babylon, or traveled from the great festival.

Then came the marvel, the miracle, that struck wonder and terror to the heart of the king. In the furnace he saw "four men loose walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the aspect of the fourth is like a son of the gods." Centuries before the promise was spoken the faithful knew its realization: "Lo, I am with you all the days." There is no place where God's friends must go that his presence does not accompany them. "Our God is able." Unscented by the ordeal of fire, the three young men emerged, more than conquerors, to the honor of the Name that they would not betray. For God gets glory from every soul that stands true to its highest vision; loyalty saves those who possess it, serves the race, and honors Jehovah.

Varieties

It is estimated that there are 1,4 native Christians in India.

Canaries have been known to re the advanced age of 21 years.

Denmark is the dairy of Europe has 15 head of cattle to each 10 habitants.

Among the Spanish-American co tries Cuba is the greatest consu of raisins.

The diamond cutting industry Amsterdam has a "waiting list" of 000 persons.

The eggs of the German hen are low the average in weight, running low as 10 to the pound.

During the last year 1,200,000 m of telegraph wire were added to t already standing.

Only about 10 per cent of the wor output of graphite is used for l pencils.

Nearly 11,000 Indians were located reservations by the Chilean gove ment last year.

According to Danish laws, auto biles are forbidden to pass trolley c at a rate faster than one mile an ho

Germany imports immense quanti of crushed oyster shells from Engl every year for poultry feed.

The life of a goldfish is rarely m than five years in captivity under most favorable circumstances.

About 100 trade marks are registe each week at the patent office Washington.

Experiments in compressing f show that its keeping qualities prolonged almost indefinitely by process. Its bulk is decreased by o third.

In filling teeth our dentists use p gold. But in bridge work coin gold employed. Coin gold is nine parts p and one part copper by weight.

In accordance with an executive cree of July 21, 1911, the importat of arms and ammunition into Mex is prohibited for a period of months.

Austria is Turkey's best custom for tobacco ;it took 34,619,017 pou in 1909-10; America came second, w 8,633,570 pounds ;Egypt third, with 000,000 pounds.

Nearly 23,900 children have now b sent to Canada from England throu the agency of the Barnardo homes.

The number of passengers transf red from the immigration station Ellis Island in New York harbor the mainland averages now about 500,000 each year.

The laboring class profits by the emption of native tobacco in Mex They are able to purchase two bo of cigarettes, containing 10 each, 2½ cents in our money.

Twin tunnels for vehicles and ped trains are being built under the Ri Elbe by the German city of Hambu The cost will be about $2,500,000.

A Boston man has invented an el tric fountain, small enough for use a dining table decoration, in wh the falling water supplies power change the color of the lights illu nating it.

On the hills of Abbeville, S. C., w picked up a piece of quartz about size of a thimble. It contains a sm bead that shifts about and appe to be a drop of water.

Last year there were distribu throughout the United States and Ca ada over 60,000 carloads of banan each holding 500 bunches.

There comes to Europe and United States each year about 40, bales of raw silk from Canton, Chi The average weight of such a bale 106 pounds, and in 1910 the avera price a bale was $357.85.

An accident insurance company h placed in the elevators of several fice buildings the following noti "This elevator is limited to 14 p sons. All over that number riding this car do so at their own risk." New York Sun.

Twelve first-class prizes for exc lence in the mediaeval and mode languages at Cambridge universi England, have been awarded this ye to women. Prizes of the same cl and for the same subjects were giv to only eight men.

Horses are today found running w on the sand banks of the North Ca lina lagoons. They are thought to descendants of the animals left hind by the ill-fated colonists of Walter Raleigh, who abandon Roanoke island.

In a New York hat store there han a picture of Dom Pedro of Brazil ceiving a delegation of citizens Philadelphia on the day when he to part in the closing ceremonies of centennial exposition. Nearly all men in the group wore high top ha

The Ohio river claims among treasures the Jenny Lind rock. T singer was a passenger on a steam which struck on a sandbar near rock, and while waiting for the bo to be floated Miss Lind had boatm row her out to the rock, where s stood alone and sang.

The annual crush of cotton seed this country is now nearly 4,000, tons. The country purchasing the lar est quantities of American cotton se oil is the Netherlands, followed in der of importance by the Unit Kingdom, Mexico, Canada, Italy, G many and Norway.

Senator Joe Castellot, of Mexi says that women should vote and th he hopes they will be permitted vote in his country. "Woman is t stronger sex," he says, "for thou man may be the strength of the n tion, he is the slave of woman."

For the first time in the history athletics the Chinese are to compe with other nations at the olymp games of 1912. In the track and fi sports the students of the Univers of Shanghai for three years ha been coached by an Englishman.

Mrs. Granville Fortescue, former Grace Bell, of Washington, and nie of Alexander Graham Bell, with h husband, Captain Fortescue, is ma ing a walking tour of South Americ and intends to scale peaks of t Andes and to follow great wat courses the length of the continent

In a quiet little home in Los A geles, Mrs. Frances Brown is maki a good living preparing artificial f for trout anglers. Mrs. Brown, a wi ow and formerly a school teacher, on the idea of preparing flies for t trout from the complaints of her p pils, who told how the fish ate t bait, but escaped the hook.

Apples and potatoes when frozen c be restored in good condition if th are thawed slowly. But when thaw rapidly they become flabby and so decay. The carpets and other cove ing we place over plants in winter not prevent their freezing and tha ing, but they do prevent their free ing and thawing too quickly. Hen the benefit.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robin-[illegible] Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Why Suffer the Dangers of Stricture?

I found the cure 17 years ago. SAFE. PAINLESS. Stricture dethrones health and vitality. My book explains symptoms and cure. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. NO FREE SAMPLE FRAUD.

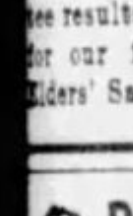
G. ALLAN ROWE, M. D.
[illegible] NORTH PEARL ST. S., BUFFALO, N. Y.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new, healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex Ahl, Tobinsport, Ind., writes Nov. 15, 1905: "I o doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE, JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction, **Goitre, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Heals Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations.** Price $1.00 and $2.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 G Free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanatarium, Dept. 18 St. Joseph, Mo



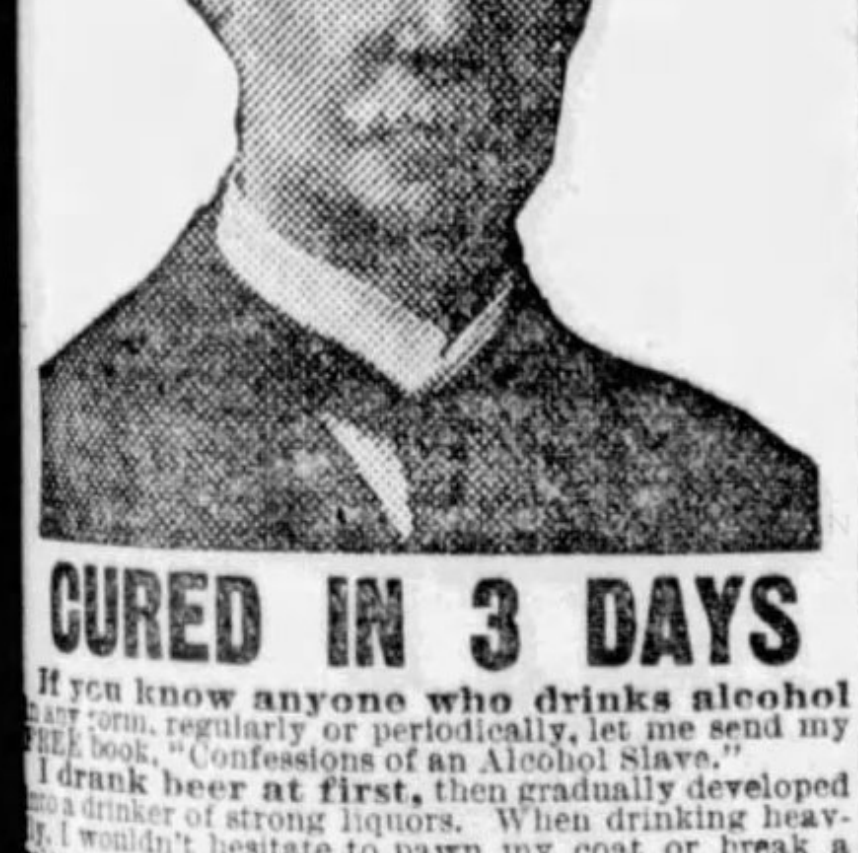
DROPSY TREATED. Give quick relief, usually remove swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 15-45 days, trial treatment FREE. Dr. Greens Sons, Box A, Atlanta, Ga.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. S. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, AN-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

I was a Heavy Drinker!

Consumed quart of Whisky every 24 hours.



CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily—and some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real estate and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden on all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyous message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost my desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased; I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from rheumatism and other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure took 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I then resolved to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years I have personally attended to over 10,000 men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention the names of those who have been saved through this quick, permanent cure the public would be astonished. They include public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations. I tell about the secret in my book, which I will send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who uses alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to cure the drunkard. I rejoice in every cure. Every victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 72 hours! Men and Women. Any Age. Quickly Cured. To relatives, friends or employers I say—if you want to cure a drinker in the quickest time and permanently, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—changes despair to joy.

True Method Discovered

Alcoholism is a disease for which a remedy has at last been discovered, and this is now offered to you, dear reader, under absolute guarantee. It is the true Method, the genuine Treatment which we have so long been seeking and which drives the alcohol poison out of the system after all others fail. It is the most successful method in the world, and is creating a great furore, not only in America but throughout Europe. It is endorsed by medical men, by clergy and by thousands of persons who owe their present happiness to the Woods' Method. It is easy to take; is a perfect Treatment which can be taken without loss of time and with marvelous effect upon the health. It induces contentment, a well stomach, a clear head, bright, magnetic eyes, calm sleep, optimistic thoughts and general satisfaction in living. And it induces money saving, too. *I will deal with you by mail as satisfactorily as if you were to visit me in New York.*

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the true discovery and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments and remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, **it costs nothing** and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this advertisement out if you cannot write to-day.

What I say I do, I do do!

Are you a drinker? Do you wish to cure yourself? If so, here's my hand, my warmest sympathy and my positive assurance that within 72 hours after you obtain my Set of Remedies you will be better satisfied with yourself than ever in your life. You will not be sick during my **3 days' Treatment**; you need lose no time, nobody will know what has caused you to give up liquor or beer forever unless you choose to tell. **You can enter bar-rooms** or even pour out whisky without feeling the slightest temptation. You will be cured to stay cured. Think of what you waste in money, think of how your life is being shortened. **Get rid of the craving forever.** Be a man among men! You can do wonderful work if not drinking! My Set of Remedies will cure you. **What I say I do, I do do!**

Get the Genuine Drink Cure

Do you want to cure someone who is near and dear to you? Then my Set of Remedies is what you should get. Do not be misled by what seems to be cheaper, but what is absolutely valueless and means a waste of time as well as money. Do not imagine that because some advertised remedy cured just one woman's husband, it is universally reliable. Consider how many other cases it has cured. **Read the testimonials.** If you have made the mistake of buying something which has done or is doing no good, drop it and get the true Method, which cures in 72 hours by the clock.

The Woods Method is known the world over; it is being endorsed and recommended everywhere. Why? Because it is the most successful and most inexpensive, genuine Treatment that exists.

I cannot say much in this advertisement; I want you to read my book. It will be a revelation to you.

Is Love of Strong Drink Ruining Your Home?

Whether you are the drinker yourself, or the relative of a drinker, I know that intemperance is doing great harm. It will continue to be worse until the craving for alcohol is absolutely conquered, and when this can be easily done in 3 days, why hesitate another day? Time is precious.

I will prove to you that men who have drank heavily for 20-30-40 years, have been cured in 3 days without **losing an hour's time** during treatment.

You can read in my circulars how wives secretly cure their husbands. After men begin to hate the taste of liquor, they are very glad and improve in health.

My Treatment restores will-power, strengthens the brain and nerves, heals and regulates the stomach, kidneys, heart, liver, virile organs, etc.

My Method puts the man into that happy condition where he gets as much stimulative fun from a glass of water, buttermilk or lemonade as he used to imagine he got from liquor or beer.

You shall see for yourself that mothers and fathers are secretly curing erring sons, and that they are rejoicing at the wonderful results accomplished.

You cannot doubt the efficacy of my Set of Remedies when you read my iron-clad, absolute guarantee, backed by integrity, money, brains and reputation.

DRUNKARDS SECRETLY CURED

Read about what is being accomplished and learn that no matter what you have tried in the past, you can now succeed. **Gentle, safe, guaranteed** Method.

Mrs. W. R. Carman, Echo, L. I., N. Y., writes: "My husband **drank heavily for over 30 years**, lost positions and was in awful condition. In 3 days he was completely cured by the Woods' Home Treatment. We have been very happy ever since."

Mrs. Sarah Mock, Wrey, Colo., writes: "My husband did not want to stop drinking, although it was killing him and also me. Tried other remedies in vain. I gave him Mr. Woods' B Treatment **secretly**. He soon began to **detest liquor** and thought a miracle had happened. In a few days he was **completely cured**; has never touched a drop since and is wonderfully changed for the better."

Mrs. Marie N. Lane, Spottswood, N. J., writes: "I cannot find words to express my joy. Your treatment worked wonders with Mr. Lane. He is **completely free from all craving.**"

Mrs. Wm. Pring, 80 Williams Ave., Hyde Park, Mass., writes: "I started giving your remedies to Mr. Pring on a Friday night and by **Sunday he was completely cured.** That was long ago. He has never had any craving since. Was hard drinker many years."

John L. Corish, M. D., 50 Herbert St., Brooklyn, N.Y., certifies: "To my personal knowledge, the Woods' Method for **curing alcoholism is perfectly safe** and reliable. **It cures in 3 days.** I know **many successful cases.**"

Fred A. Giddings, Gorham, Me., writes: "I drank liquor over **40 years**, could find no cure until I got Woods' Set of Remedies. Am **completely free** from craving."

Mrs. C. Millis, Box 6, Palmer, N.Y., writes: "I first drank gin as a medicine, got the habit and could not stop until your mild, pleasant **Treatment did it in 3 days.**"

Dr. A. B. Griffiths, Ph. D., F. A. S.: "I certify having analyzed the Woods' Treatment. The remedies are perfectly harmless, yet exceedingly effective; eminently adapted to banish permanently the craving for alcohol."

FREE BOOK

W. E. Slade, New Freedom, Pa., writes: "I have not been in such good health for 10 years as I am now. **Peaceful sleep**, clear brain. Used to average **a quart of liquor daily.** Was **completely cured in 72 hours** by your Treatment."

J. P. Eckenroth, Chester, Pa., writes: "Had been a drinker many years heavily; health **was nearly ruined.** Could never stop until I took your Remedies; **completely cured now.**"

Hundreds of References, that you can write to, will be sent with my Free Book, in Plain Wrapper.

In two or three years the cured drinker is able to make up for what he has lost in many years past, as he is in the full possession of mental and physical power. He becomes a man among men.

The drinker's other bad habits and often his ailments such as stomach disorder, rheumatism, liver and kidney trouble, etc., usually disappear when he is cured of alcoholism. **He begins to love his home and all that is near and dear to him.** He is a changed man and he finds that every minute is worth living.

If you cannot write to me to-day, cut this advertisement out and keep it as it will probably not appear again. My address is always **Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, near Herald Square, New York, N. Y.**

For drug habits, including the taking of opium, chloral, cocaine, morphine, laudanum, cholera mixtures, paregoric, etc., I have special remedies, particulars of which will be sent on application if you plainly state what drug is being taken. These treatments are not the same as that which I send for the alcohol habit.

Tobacco habit. A guaranteed Remedy. Write, asking especially for my book on Tobacco Habit. You can quit easily and enjoy better health.

THESE PICTURES TELL AN INTERESTING STORY

1. Happily married, although he has had some experience with drink before. 2. Assures his wife that he never feels desire for drink now. 3. The Demon of Alcohol has **again taken control**, despite his good intentions. 4. **Discharged.** Employers do not care for drinking men nowadays. 5. Acts strangely toward his family. 6. The poorly clothed children **are mocked and their father called a drunkard.** 7. What little he gets goes for drink. 8. The poor wife is **in despair.** 9. Has received Woods' "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave" and is greatly interested; sends for the Set of Remedies. 10. **The beginning of happiness**; postman delivers box. 11. Putting some medicine in his coffee. 12. He drinks it. She continues to give the preparations. Soon he hates the taste of liquor. 13. His will power has returned. He promises never to touch another drop—**and means it.** 14. Getting rid of the evidences of his downfall. 15. Regains the position he had lost; employer congratulates him on having taken the **Woods Treatment**, which is curing so many and which employer has recommended to the wife. 16. No trouble to pass saloons now. 17. Making a report to the Woods' office, giving names of a few wives who ought to read my book. 18. Home, as it is when King Alcohol is cast out of it.

There is nothing extraordinary about the 18 illustrations; they represent merely a typical case. I could show hundreds, yes thousands, of interesting series, all varying somewhat, yet with the same general outcome. My Treatment conquers the craving for drink, and it succeeds in very many cases after all methods fail.

Frequently large sums are paid for treatment in sanitariums, institutes, etc., yet the liquor habit is conquered only for a brief period and the drinker is afterward permanently cured by the Woods' Method.

My system consists of two forms of Treatment, A and B. My A Set of Remedies is guaranteed to cure alcoholism if the drinker willingly takes the remedies. My B Set of Remedies is the secret method which gradually causes a detestation of drink, so that the person hates even the odor of it.

The Woods' Remedies are guaranteed under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act and are covered by a certificate which insures success. The preparations can be taken by drinkers of any age, men or women.

Please keep this advertisement, you can do a kindness, make homes happy and perhaps save a life by showing this to those who need the good news. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Av., 490 J , New York, N. Y.

LITTLE HOPE FOR BEATTIE APPEAL

Lawyers Think Guilty Man Will Have to Suffer in Death Chair.

Chesterfield Courthouse, Va., Sept 9.— Aheavy guard patrolled the little stone Chesterfield jail last night, and today the lone guardsmen were the only persons Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., convicted last night of the murder of his wife, saw as he looked out upon the pastoral scene which until last night was dotted with hundreds of his fellow townsmen.

The quiet landscape of Virginia fields that met his eyes was unused to the excitement of a murder trial, and today it was contentedly deserted in simple peacefulness. A few cows pastured and mooed in harmony with fowl of a nearby farm yard. Rough boarded wagons rumbled by on the sandy road. On the lawn in front of the court house and jail, a negro leisurely removed the scraps of newspapers and the remains of luncheons hastily eaten on the green by the crowds of many days before.

Jailer Cogbill brought the prisoner his breakfast and he ate it in silence His thin, pallid face wore a flickering smile as he gazed through the grated window at two newspapermen lolling in the grass. Some time today, it was expected that Beattie would be taken to the state penitentiary in Richmond to await his electrocution on November 24 or the granting of a new trial by the court of appeals, which meets early in that month.

Many lawyers today discussing the possibility of a writ of error were of the opinion that it would not be granted. The court of appeals, they asserted, set a precedent in the famous McCue case of 1904.

Public feeling over the crime still runs high in this section and in Richmond where Beattie lives. The verdict was received with little surprise by the community.

Extraordinary were all the features of the last day of Beattie's trial. Twelve Virginia farmers knelt at dusk in the obscurity of the small jury room at Chesterfield court house, praying fervently that they might pass judgment aright on the man indicted for the murder of his wife. Grimly determined they arose a moment later and silently, one by one, returned a verdict of "guilty."

Pausing in solemn contemplation for 58 minutes, weighing carefully the meaning of their decision, and once more on bended knees beseeching divine assistance that they might not err, they filed into the hushed stillness of a crowded court room, and with startling suddenness 12 voices, instead of the usual one of the foreman, spoke "Guilty." It was almost a shout.

Death Stares at Convict Beattie.

The specter of death, which stalked Midlothian turnpike on July 18, when the life of Mrs. Louise Owen Beattie was taken away with the single report of a shotgun, stared hard at the young husband, ready to claim its victim by electrocution. But the prisoner returned the gaze, unswerving and unafraid. The court of appeals, to be sure, will be asked to grant a writ of error and a new trial. Young Beattie, cognizant of the legal weapons at his disposal, did not surrender. Instead he consoled his broken down father, white haired and wrinkled, and comforted him as he whispered, "I haven't lost yet."

The Silence.

The silence in the court room, the statuelike rigidity of the faces and figures in the staring crowd held unbroken. Incongruously from without came the happy shout of laughter of a boy. Far away and so faintly as to be musical, sounded the lowing of cattle. Then, raspingly on tightly drawn nerves, fell the raucous braying of mules and the shrill whinnying of horses held beyond their eventide time of water and fodder. Beattie turned around and around on the third finger of his left hand a ruby ring. It was a ring that belonged to his mother, who died when he was a little boy.

Stand in Judgment on Beattie,

Unusual as has been the tragedy and the grewsome stage where it occurred, were the 12 jurymen who did not hesitate to admit to their friends that they stood in judgment not only over the cold-blooded murder, but upon Beattie's marital infidelity as well. It perhaps was the dramatic climax of Virginia justice, which in the last half century has swiftly sent to death such famous murderers as Cluverius, Phillips and McCue.

At the close of a powerful address by L. O. Wendenburg, the voluntary assistant of the commonwealth in the case, the suspense was felt, not alone in the court room, but in Richmond, where thousands awaited the outcome.

The jurors for 11 days had heard evidence, for two days speeches, but the words of Wendenburg rang in their ears as they left the court room to find their verdict.

"Let that man go free!" he had cried. "What, let that man go free! Why, the motherhood of Virginia, the womanhood of this nation will shudder in terror as the security of its life is threatened. Let this man go free! The man who has basked in the degraded sunshine of another woman, while at his home a young wife nursed his child! Gentlemen, I merely ask you in the name of justice, to do your duty."

In vivid detail the prosecutor had portrayed the wife as she started on her innocent journey into the cool air of a summer night. The jury saw again in their minds the automobile in which she rode beside her husband; how Beattie stepped into the darkness of the thicket, found the shotgun which she had earlier concealed and deliberately slew his wife.

Desperate Ride Home Portrayed.

The desperate ride home, with a bleeding and lifeless body crushed into the small space in the front part of the machine, the husband coldly sitting against the blood covered head of his wife, had been graphically detailed to the jury. The prosecutor had held aloft the blood stained clothing of the prisoner "as mute evidence of the crime" and had asked: "Do you want any other evidence?" Blood flecked the lower fringe of the shirt in deep black blots; not a mark was on either sleeve of shirt or coat. The prisoner had said that he held his wife with one hand and steered his car with the other, but the absence of blood on the arms, the prosecutor declared, gave the lie to his story.

Not alone with the clothing had the prosecutor disentangled what he termed "the cheapest fabrication of the cheapest murder," but he had shouted shame at the prisoner for his relations with a mere slip of a girl, from the age of 13 until within his own married life, and had held her forth as the motive for the crime.

"Passion Born of Devil."

"And the prisoner admits that it was his passion," said Mr. Wendenburg. "Yes, it was passion, but passion born of the devil, and passion that sent to death his wife so that he might continue his vicious pleasure."

Mr. Wendenburg concluded his address a few minutes after 5 p. m. A brief respite was given the jury and at 5:28 o'clock it began consideration of the case.

For nearly one hour they were together in deep consultation, a jury of simple farmers who each morning sang hymns. What had been generally predicted was true; their minds were well made up before they left the court room. W. L. Burgess, a square jawed man with an earnest face, was elected foreman. They balloted, and it was no surprise, they afterward declared, that all voted alike. They prayed that they might not take a life in vain and they opened their consciences to one another for nearly an hour so that they might go back to the court room firmly convinced of their duty and of one mind.

Sunset's Rays Streak Court Room.

It was nearly dark in the court room when the jury returned. Three oil lamps gave meager luster to the scene. Sunset's red rays still streaked through the windows. A thick mass of faces rising in an incline to the shabby ceiling stared at the jurymen. Famous jurists looked down, too, from fly-specked paintings. In the minds of the gaping crowd remained the thought of the powerful speech of the prosecutor and his denunciation of the man "who exchanged the glow of virtue for passion's feeble tapers."

Unversed in law and the forms of a murder trial, the jurymen had not specified what degree of murder. Asked what degree, Foreman Burgess answered simply, "Guilty as indicted." It was incumbent upon the jury to fix the degree, so Judge Watson advised the jurymen to confer again on the point and several minutes later they conformed, this time with the verdict "murder in the first degree."

The prisoner stood erect and motionless. His face, in color a yellowish green, throughout the day was immobile. The light of a lamp cast a dreary shadow on his upturned chin as he faced the jury. His eyelids sagged, but did not blink. In steady gaze, he fastened his eyes on the faces of the 12 men who had pronounced his punishment as if to penetrate their minds and determine the reason why. It was not a resentful expression, however, and when the court asked if the prisoner had anything to say he answered: "I have nothing to say," and sat down.

Sordid Acts Stain Community.

Judge Watson delivered an impressive speech to the prisoner. He told how the young man had stained his own life and that of the community in which he lived by his sordid acts. When the trial first began, said Judge Watson, he had hoped that Virginia might be cleared of the crime for which not only the state felt shame, but which the entire country deprecated. He had hoped that counsel would prove the defendant innocent, but the evidence, he regretted to note, was all convincing and overwhelming.

"The court in this trial," said Judge Watson, "has endeavored in all its decisions to lean toward the side of the prisoner and, in its charge to the jury as well, attempted to give him the benefit of every doubt and every opportunity to establish his innocence. The rulings mostly have been not on matters of laws, but on small questions of fact.

"You have had a fair and impartial trial, Mr. Beattie, and the jury has done what it considers its duty. Therefore, you have been convicted of murder in the first degree and on Nov. 24, between the hours of sunrise and sunset, you must forfeit your life to the community."

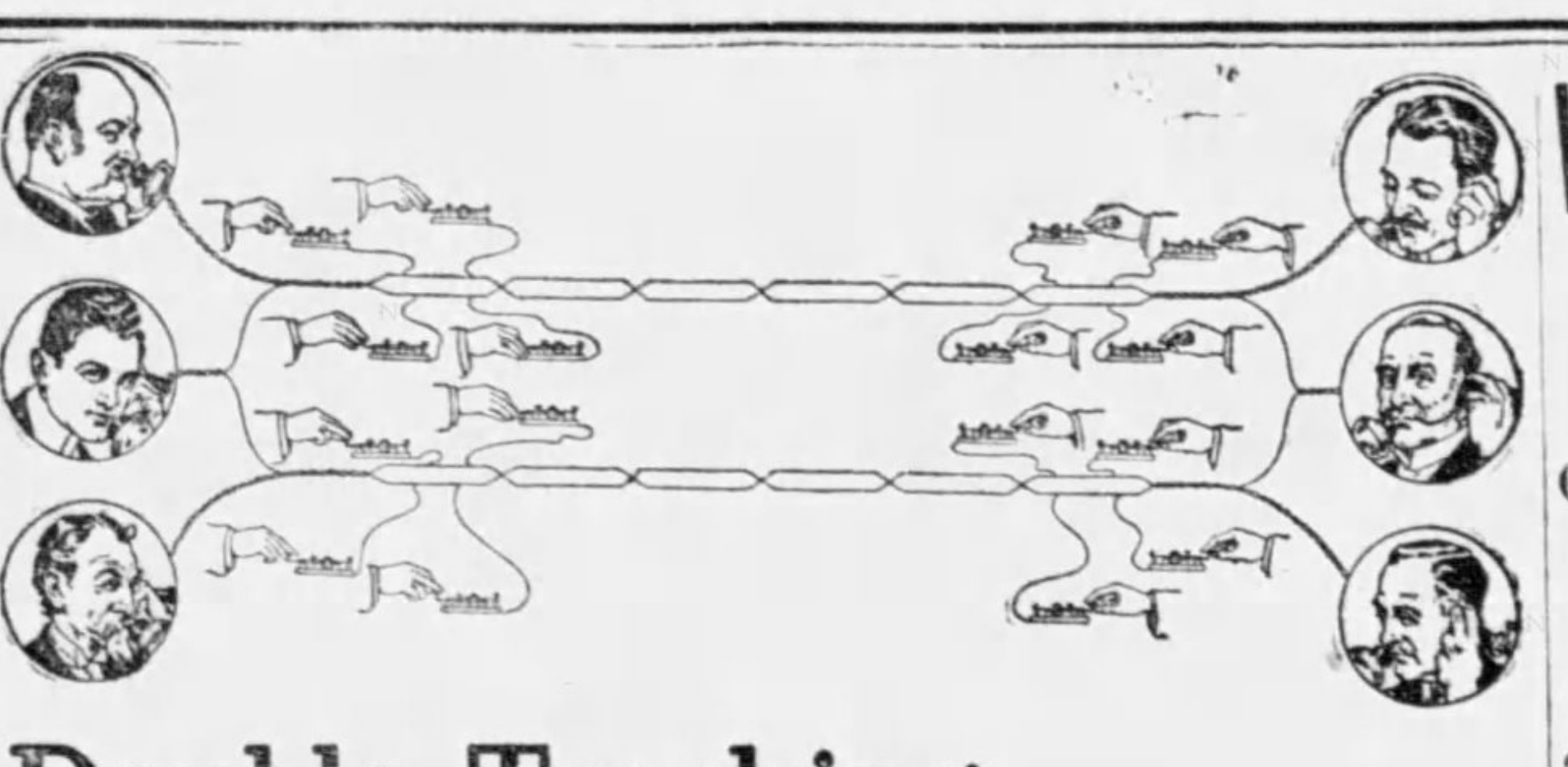
A moment later, by the side of his father, and his brother Douglas, their heads bowed in grief, walked young Beattie in the darkness toward his cell 100 yards away. But the drama of the day was not over. A sharp report and a flash rent the thick blackness outside.

Flash Startles Impassive Judge.

"My God!" exclaimed Judge Watson, as through his mind flitted the same thought that startled hundreds around him. But it was not another tragedy. The prisoner was seen walking calmly on. The detonation was an unusually heavy charge of a photographer's flashlight.

The crowd lingered at the jail and peered into the cell, illuminated by a single lamp. On the bed with his head in his hands sat Beattie, his father and brother beside him. Jailer Cogbill sent the curious away. Only a few saw the prisoner break down and weep in the solitude of the cell. An hour later the hamlet was deserted.

A few hundred yards away from the jail, in a small hotel 12 men gathered their belongings in silence, and one by one they drove away into the darkness to the simple homes from which for a fortnight they had been absent.



Double Tracking The Bell Highway

Two of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the telephone and telegraph — now work hand in hand. Heretofore each was a separate and distinct system and transmitted the spoken or written messages of the nation with no little degree of efficiency. Co-operation has greatly increased this efficiency.

The simple diagram above strikingly illustrates one of the mechanical advantages of co-operation. It shows that six persons can now talk over two pairs of wires *at the same time* that eight telegraph operators send eight telegrams *over the same wires.* With such joint use of equipment there is economy; without it, waste.

While there is this joint use of trunk line plant by both companies, the telephone and telegraph services are distinct and different. The telephone system furnishes a circuit and lets you do your own talking. It furnishes a highway of communication. The telegraph company, on the other hand, receives your message and then transmits and delivers it without your further attention.

The telegraph excels in carrying the big load of correspondence between distant centers of population; the telephone connects individuals, so that men, women and children can carry on direct conversations.

Already the co-operation of the Western Union and the Bell Systems has resulted in better and more economical public service. Further improvements and economies are expected, until time and distance are annihilated by the universal use of electrical transmission for written or personal communication.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

BEATTIE REPUDIATES THE BINFORD GIRL.

Chesterfield Courthouse, Va., Sept. 9.—Severe repudiation of Beulah Binford as a girl from whom he vainly tried to detach himself, and the direct imputation that the jury judged him more for his indiscretions than the tragedy itself, came today from the lips of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., convicted last night of wife murder.

Any other jury, composed of city folk, would have been more merciful, was his bitter lament.

"Fearfully unfair" he muttered in his cell, when asked his opinion of the verdict.

LEOPOLD'S WIDOW WEDS AGAIN

Third Husband Is Leader of Paris Spendthrifts.

Paris, Sept. 8.—Baroness De Vaughn, formerly Caroline La Croix, and widow of the late King Leopold II. of Belgium, shows no fear of facing matrimony. For the third time she is going to make the plunge. She has fallen in love with a man about town named Gaston Bonnefay, a very glase of fashion and leader of the spendthrift set.

Without waiting even for the marriage ceremony, he is helping the baroness spend the the millions which King Leopold wrung from the Congo Free State before he induced Thomas Fortune Ryan and other American financiers to take an interest in his African empire.

Even should the royal princesses of Belgium win their lawsuit against their stepmother, they will hardly be able to reach her cash or what will be left of it when Gaston is through.

Seven months after the king's death the baroness married her factor, Durand, but the marriage was a failure from beginning to end.

A LADY LECTURER

Feeds Nerves and Brains Scientifically.

A lady lecturer writes from Philadelphia concerning the use of right food and how she is enabled to withstand the strain and wear and tear of her arduous occupation. She says:

"Through improper food, imperfectly digested, my health was completely wrecked, and I attribute my recovery entirely to the regular use of Grape-Nuts food. It has, I assure you, proved an inestimable boon to me.

"Almost immediately after beginning the use of Grape-Nuts I found a gratifying change in my condition. The terrible weakness that formerly prostrated me after a few hours of work, was perceptibly lessened and is now only a memory—it never returns.

"Ten days after beginning on Grape-Nuts I experienced a wonderful increase in mental vigor and physical energy, and continued use has entirely freed me from the miserable insomnia and nervousness from which I used to suffer so much.

"I find Grape-Nuts very palatable and would not be without the crisp, delicious food for even a day on any consideration. Indeed, I always carry it with me on my lecture tours."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WHEAT AND CORN UNDER AVERAGE

Government Submits Crop Report for August—Little Improvement.

Washington, Sept. 9.—While weather conditions practically throughout the country were reasonably favorable to growing crops during the month of August, the crop report issued today by the department of agriculture did not indicate generally much improvement in the condition of crops over that of a month ago.

Some improvement was shown in the great staple crop of corn as of September 1 over August 1, but it amounted to only seven-tenths of one per cent in the aggregate.

The yield of corn per acre this year, as indicated by today's report, will be 23.6 bushels per acre, as compared with 25.4 bushels last year and an average of 27.1 bushels during the last five years. The acreage of corn this year, however, is larger than it was last year and the probability is that the crop, while it may be shorter than it was last year, will not differ greatly in quanity.

Wheat Falls Off.

Wheat shows a falling off of approximately of 10 per cent in condition as compared with the average for the last 10 years and the yield per acre is about 2 bushels to the acre less this year than the average during the last 5 years. Oats also shows a considerable falling off both in condition and in average yield per acre.

While the indicated yield for this year is 23.9 bushels an acre, the final yield for 1910 was 31.9 bushels and the average yield during the last five years was 28.4 bushels, the indicated total yield for this year being approximately 15 per cent less than the average for the last five years. Rye, tobacco, flax and hay, all show a heavy falling off in condition and indicated total yield.

Potatoes, as was indicated last month, will make a short crop. The condition of potatoes today was a trifle more than 10 per cent below that of last year and nearly 3 per cent poorer than it was a month ago. The total yield will be far below that of last year—practically 20 per cent—and nearly 22 per cent below that of the average for the last five years.

Following are crop figures, showing the condition of the crop and the yield per acre:

Corn—Condition, 70.3; acre yield, 23.6.
Spring Wheat—Condition, 56.7; acre yield, 9.8.
All Wheat—Acre yield, 12.6.
Oats—Condition, 64.5; acre yield, 23.9.
Barley—Condition, 65.5; acre yield, 20.3.
Buckwheat—Condition, 83.8 acre yield, 19.6.
Potatoes—Condition, 59.8; acre yield, 74.2.
Tobacco—Condition, 71.1; acre yield, 714.6.
Flax—Condition, 68.4; acre yield, 7.7.
Rice—Condition, 87.2; acre yield, 32.1.
Hay—Total yield, 46,969,000; acre yield, 1.09; quality, 90.3.
Apples—Condition, 56.2.

The total production of the principal crops this year, as indicated by their condition on September 1, with comparison of the final yield of 1910, follows:

Crops—	1911.	1910.
Corn, bu.	2,736,160,400	3,125,713,000
Spring wheat, bu.	203,418,600	231,399,000
All wheat, bu.	656,762,400	695,433,000
Oats, bu.	842,475,000	1,126,765,000
Barley, bu.	142,871,400	162,227,000
Buckwheat bu	15,699,600	17,239,000
Potatoes, bu	259,329,000	984,349,000
Tobacco, lbs.	638,280,720	984,349,000
Flax, bu.	23,200,100	14,116,000
Rice, bu.	22,652,970	24,510,000
Hay, tons	46,888,530	60,798,000

Condition by states follows:

Corn.

States.	1911.	1910.	10-Year Ave.
Illinois	78	86	82
Iowa	68	82	80
Texas	39	75	71
Kansas	53	59	68
Missouri	69	83	78
Nebraska	63	68	78
Oklahoma	27	50	71
Indiana	80	85	83
Georgia	88	88	86
Ohio	83	72	80
Kentucky	73	82	84
Tennessee	92	85	82
Alabama	90	92	83
Mississippi	86	93	80
North Carolina	79	86	85
Arkansas	83	91	78
Louisiana	76	90	81
South Carolina	78	86	82
South Dakota	74	82	82
Virginia	72	82	88
Michigan	81	77	80
Minnesota	82	83	82
Wisconsin	88	75	81
Pennsylvania	89	78	85

Oats.

States.	1911.	1910.	10-Year Ave.
Iowa	66	100	80
Illinois	71	94	77
Minnesota	61	67	83
Nebraska	31	78	74
Wisconsin	77	70	84
Indiana	76	94	78
Ohio	77	94	83
North Dakota	66	25	79
South Dakota	24	66	88
Kansas	35	91	66
Michigan	75	83	82
New York	85	93	88
Pennsylvania	79	97	84

"THREE IN A BED'S A CROWD"

And When Third Party's Your Mother-in-Law—Goodnight

Pittsburgh, Sept. 8.—Because he objected to sleeping three in a bed, in which his mother-in-law is the third party, Martin Lanz, of Carrick, left his wife, Rose, according to her testimony in court yesterday. They were married last February.

Mrs. Lanz said Lanz's sister also lived with them, though they had only one bed in the house. Lanz left his wife August 3, when, the wife said, she was sick in bed. She said he took everything home with him and left a note with her mother, saying she could take his wife home with her as he did not want her any more. A postscript to the note read:

"Three in a bed is a crowd—but when the third is your mother-in-law—well, GOOD NIGHT."

The court ordered Lanz to pay his wife $3 weekly for her support.

JOE CANNON WILL RUN AGAIN

Will Be Candidate for Speaker if Republicans Win.

Kankakee, Ill., Sept. 8.—Joseph G. Cannon is a candidate for re-election to congress from the Danville district, and if there is a Republican house in Washington after the 1912 election he would like to resume the speakership.

This announcement was made yesterday at the Kankakee fair by men who received word from Mr. Cannon within the past 24 hours.

The talk that, if returned to a Republican congress, the Danville man would again desire the speakership, followed the tacit announcement of the Cannon candidacy.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Young man of good character to learn automobile and aeronautical business and open garage and automobile agency after completing. We will furnish the proper man with tools and equipment for garage and select town. $175.00 profit on each car sold. We secure agency without any investment for demonstrating car. All agents receive training in factory where cars are built, before opening business. Training by mail to begin with. Write for Plan No.171 which gives full information. The Automobile College of Washington, Washington, D.C.

WANTED—Sixty young men to learn Telegraphy and accept positions as telegraph operators on the L. & N. Railroad. Good salaries. Address E. H. ROY, Supervisor, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN wanted for government positions. October examinations everywhere. Influence unnecessary. $90.00 a month. Annual vacations. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-32, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED.

500 men 30 to 40 years old wanted at once for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank, enclosing stamp. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS.

AGENTS—Framed pictures 25c, portraits 45c, sheet pictures 3c, pillow-top portraits; free catalog, samples. Family Portrait Co., Dept. O, Wayne, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—To sell our line of lubricating oils, paints and roofing paper. T. W. Johnson Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

WHY rent? Come west; productive soil, best of water, pleasant, healthy climate; 160 acres $900. Other bargains. Write today. T. N. Christie, Causey, N. M.

INSTRUCTIONS.

INSTRUCTION by mail—Normal, Academic, Business, Engineering, Agricultural, Civil Service courses. For "Free Tuition" apply Carnegie College, Rogers, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE for our catalogue today. It will save you from $2.50 to $5 on every order of Jackson's ready to wear clothes. Contains rules for self measuring. Examine the samples of our $12.50, $15 and $20 suits and match us if you can. Jackson's, 954 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BAXLEY'S BAYONET, Clanton, Alabama. "Always sharp;" rough on rascals; clean reading; funny. Year 25c.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

CLAIRVOYANT.

FORTUNE TOLD; Past and future, love, marriage, business and all matters of life carefully treated. Send birthdate and 6c in stamps. Geo. A. Millet, St. John's, Newfoundland.

FREE—Future, past, present revealed. Three 2c stamps and birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 50 Second st., Kenawee, Ill.

PERSONAL.

LISTEN—DON'T READ THIS IF YOU DON'T care where your money goes. We can show you how to save half or more on anything you need, whether it be a paper of needles or a $500 diamond, groceries, men's, ladies' and boy's clothing, furniture, jewelry or any merchandise. Best granulated sugar at 4c a pound; Uneeda Biscuits, 3c; 5 bars Lenox soap, 14c; best $12 suits of clothes, $4.75; best $20 suit, $8.75; best guaranteed $25 sewing machine, $10.65; floor oil cloth, 18c a yard; ladies' guaranteed 14-k solid gold watch, $9.50; or anything you can think of at the same low prices; booklets free, city, country or anywhere; write or call; lady agents wanted everywhere. The Harrison System, 202 Pittsburgh Life Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy members will marry. All ages. Descriptions free. Reliable Club, Dept. 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

LADIES send for catalogue of reliable toilet, drug and rubber specialties. Col. Mac. Supply Co., 250 South St., Newark, N. J.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure...... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $...... to cover the cost of same.

Name ....

Street ....

City and State ....

BULL REVENGED FOR BEATING

Gentle Animal Waits Year, Then Kills Man.

Leadville, Colo., Sept. 7.—A year ago Antoine Anderson, a farmer, angered at an usually docile bull for which his wife was in the habit of caring, gave the animal a beating with a club. Last night, while his wife was busy with other duties, Anderson undertook to lead the bull to water. He had forgotten the little episode of a year ago. The bull hadn't. As a result Anderson was gored to death.

A crowd gathered and demanded that the animal be killed. Mrs. Anderson protested, and to prove her assertion that the bull was ordinarily gentle, walked up to the "man-killer" and rubbed its nose and stroked its head. The beast responded affectionately.

INDIAN, 108, LOSES LEG; LIVES

Oklahoma Shawnee Survives Injury in Railroad Accident.

Tulsa, Okla., Sept. 7.—Jimmy Walker, a full-blooded Shawnee Indian, 108 years old, will live, says his physician, despite the fact that he lost a leg in a railroad accident near here Monday night.

EGGS LAID FOR 1,900 MILES

Hens Attend to Business During Wagon Trip.

Middletown, Conn., Sept. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kirkham, Jr., and their four children have just arrived here by wagon, completing a trip of 1,900 miles from Staples, Minn., which they left on June 28. Seventeen Minnesota chickens, carried in a small coop under the wagon, were hale and hearty, having laid their usual average of eggs all the way.

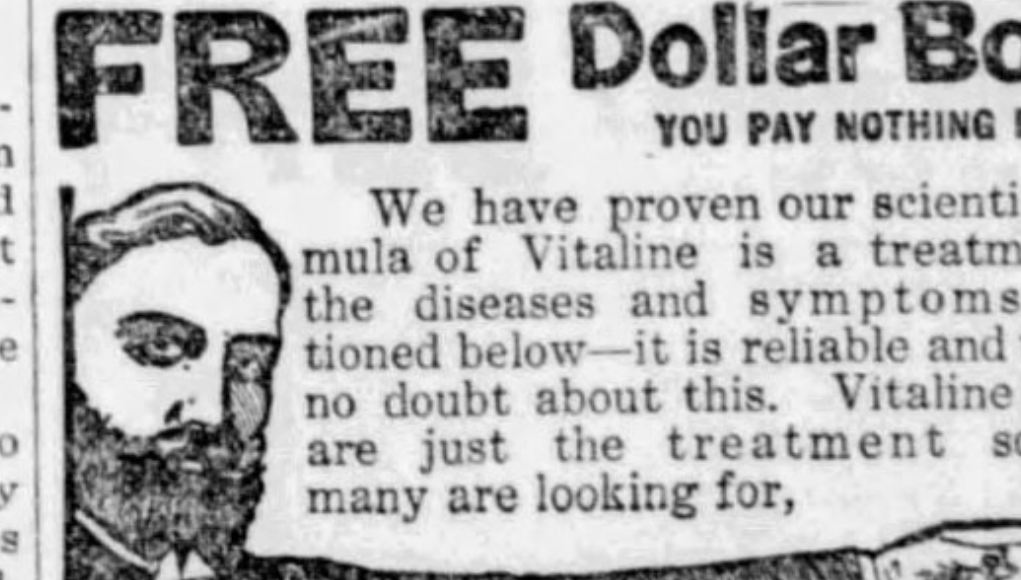
GOITRE Dollar Book FREE

Dr. W. Thompson Bobo, the famous American Goitre Specialist, gives to the world his wonderful new system for the treatment of Goitre at home without knife or pain. *Don't allow an ugly Goitre to disfigure you and sap your vitality.* It's dangerous and unnecessary. Don't be discouraged by failures of other doctors. Dr. Bobo, one of the greatest Goitre physicians of this age, has successfully treated hundreds of cases. This book contains the results of his life study of Goitre. Invaluable to any Goitre sufferer. It's yours FREE by return mail. Write today.

Dr. W. T. Bobo, 639 Monroe St., Battle Creek, Mich.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a treatment for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble longstanding, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

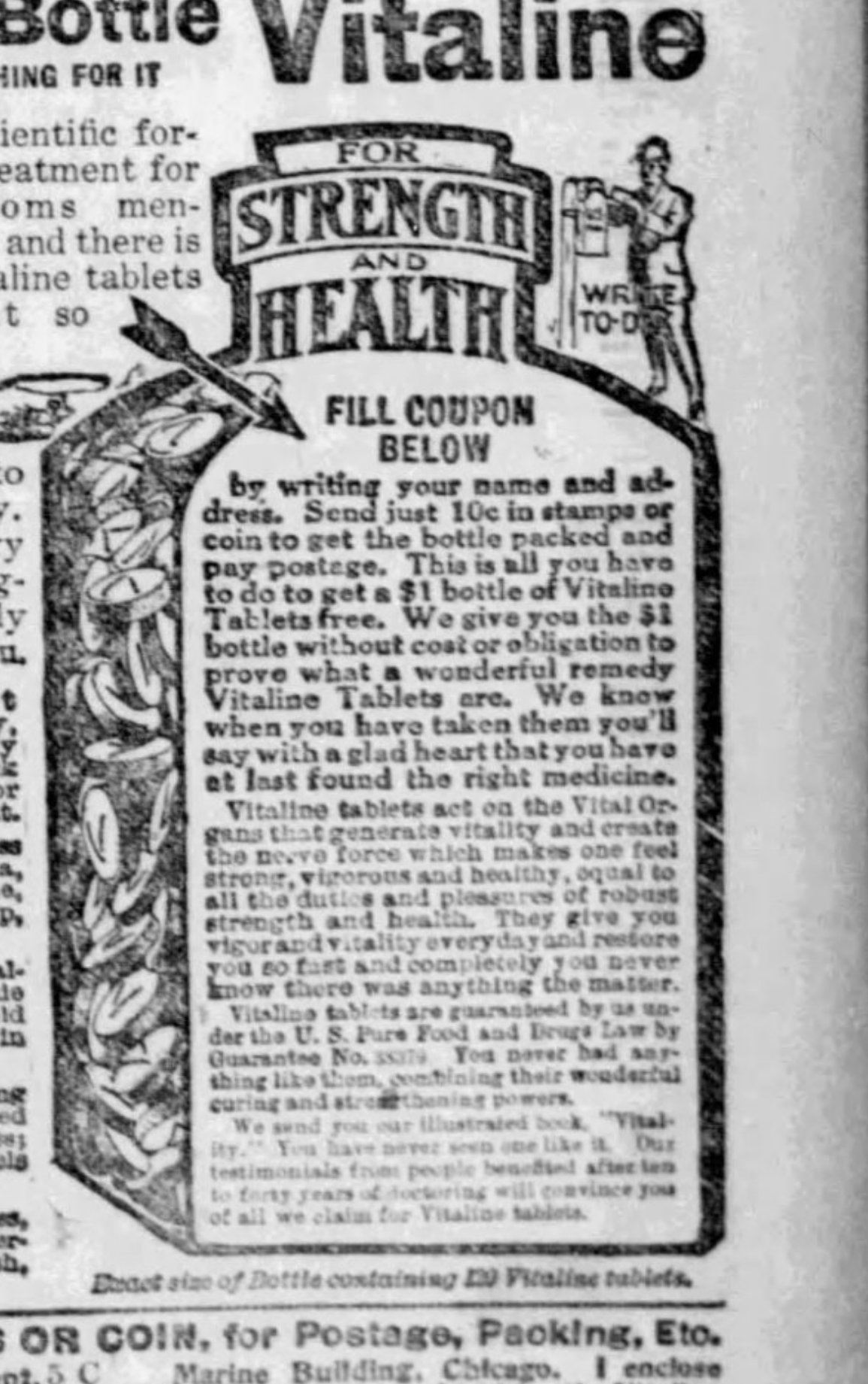
NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.



FILL COUPON BELOW

by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. [illegible]. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people benefited after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 5 C Marine Building, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

The Peace Page

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

The Nifties and the Indian

ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER XIII.

Trouble Brewing.

In the morning the Kid, after having thought the matter over, announced that he was going to get his father. "He'll fix it up all right for the Indian," he said, confidently. "My father can do anything."

"So can mine," Freckles and Jack and Brooksie declared quickly.

"Of course they can," the Kid assured them, "but my father is a lawyer, and lawyers know how to do everything."

'And everyone,' Brooksie put in, slyly.

The Kid was too much occupied with his plan to pay him any attention, beyond rolling up his blanket and throwing it at him, whereupon Brooksie squared off as if ready to fight, but his pretense came to nothing.

A car line leading to the city was within a mile of the Nifties' camp, and it was decided that they all should go this far with the Kid.

"Then we'll pitch in and put up the tent," said Freckles.

"Aw, what's the use? Let's wait until the Kid gets back," protested Brooksie.

"I move we go in swimming." This was from Jack. "I dare any of you fellows to race me across the river and back."

"Well, didn't you get enough the last time you tried it?" asked Freckles in pretended surprise.

"Aw, what was that?" Jack exclaimed, with a fine air of scorn.

While they were walking along the country road on their way to the car, they passed a potato field where the Indian was hard at work. In spite of the fact that the farmer was near, when he saw them he came to the road to tell them he was all right.

"He gave me a good jawing," he said, "but that didn't hurt none. I don't care what he says, so long as there is a chance to get free. Gee! I wish I was going with you fellows now!"

"Maybe you will be, sooner'n you think," Freckles told him, mysteriously. Then he put his lips close to the Indian's ear and whispered: "The Kid's going home to get his father. He won't do a thing to the farmer when he gets busy. He's a lawyer. You just wait and see what happens!"

At this moment they heard the farmer shouting: "Get away from there, you fellows. This is my land, and don't you put a foot on it."

At this warning Jack, in a spirit of mischief, gingerly placed one of his feet on the farmer's field.

"Quit that, Jack," Freckles commanded him sharply. "Don't you give him a chance to put any blame on us. So far, he's been the one to butt in. Take your foot off his land."

For a moment Jack looked rebellious, but seeing that Freckles was very much in earnest, he concluded to obey.

"I'm going to be locked in at night," the Indian told them, "but maybe I'll be over just the same. There's no use in running away, now that I've got you fellows working for me, but maybe I'll come over and see you this evening, just for the fun."

The farmer shouted angrily again, and the Indian went back to his work, though his glance followed the boys wistfully, as they went singing and whistling down the road.

The Kid was not certain that he should be able to return before the next day. "Father might be busy, and not able to get away, he explained, "but we'll surely come tomorrow. I'll go and see your folks and tell 'em you fellows are safe. Here comes the car, boys. I'll have to run."

The Kid was a swift runner, and though it was a race for the car, he caught it, and swung himself up to the back platform. From there he waved and shouted good-bye to the Nifties, who stood in a group a short distance down the road.

"So long, fellows," he called.

"So long, Kid," they returned, "get back soon."

"You bet I will," the Kid answered.

Some way, the Nifties felt lonely in camp after the Kid had gone. Then, too, since the mystery caused by the Indian was explained, the excitement of his appearance and vanishings was ended. They felt, and said, that "nothing was doing," so after they had taken a long swim, they wandered through the woods and along the river shore, rather aimlessly.

"Let's have a corn roast tonight," Jack proposed, trying to think of something different to do.

"Wake up, wake up!" Freckles told him, "the corn isn't waist high. If we had some marshmallows, we might roast 'em."

"But we haven't got any," put in Brooksie, fretfully. "You fellows make me tired."

However, in spite of their feeling of discontent, the day passed quickly, and when in the early evening the boys and Fritz returned to camp, they were tired and hungry, and glad to be in a place that began to seem like home.

"It's a shame we don't put up the tent," observed Freckles. "We'd oughta come up from the road and see a tent with a flag flying from the top of it, and a banner across the front with 'The Nifties' on it in big red letters. That's what we oughta see."

"Aw, dream it's here, dream it," Brooksie put in. "I'm sick of hearing about that tent. We'd oughta have pitched it when we came. Now, we're most going."

"But not gone," Jack chimed in, cheerily. "We can put it up tomorrow."

After they had cooked and eaten their supper, they built a bonfire, and sat as near to it as they could, watching the flames and sparks that went soaring heavenward. They built the fire of brush, and it make a brilliant illumination. It had burned down to a heap of embers, when the Indian burst out of the shadows into the ring of light. He was breathless from running, and dropped to the ground as if utterly exhausted.

"I've ducked for sure this time, fellows," he said. "I've got to be a long ways off before morning, but I wanted to stop and tell you I am going. You've been good to me."

"Why, what's the matter?" the boys asked in one voice.

"I'm to be taken away to another place the farmer owns, about 20 miles back in the country. He says he'll keep me there, if he has to break every bone in my body to do it. He's planned to start before daylight, so's no one will see us go. I heard him say he wanted to get away from 'them kid campers.'"

"Kid campers!" exclaimed Freckles indignantly. "We may be kids, but we had him going some, didn't we, boys?"

"You bet we did," Jack and Brooksie answered.

"He's afraid of you, now," the Indian went on. "He's afraid of what you may do if he keeps me here, so he's going to get me out of the way; only he talked too soon, and is going to find himself mistaken. Well, I'll have to be going. Good-bye, and thank you. Maybe I'll see you again sometime."

"Wait a minute," cried Freckles. "Why is the farmer so anxious to keep you when you don't want to stay?"

"I dunno," the Indian returned, "unless it's because I'm a cheap hand and don't cost him anything 'cept a few of his old clothes and a little to eat. He's just made up his mind I've got to stay till I'm 18, and he's bound to keep me. He will, too, if I don't get a move on me. Good-bye."

He started to go, when Jack spoke up excitedly.

"Wait a minute. I've got a scheme. Come out of the light so we can't be seen so plainly. Now listen," he went on when they had reached the cover of darkness: "The Kid's gone home to get his father. Maybe they'll be here early in the morning, and he'll surely help you. The farmer doesn't know the Kid is away. You can stay with us in the barn tonight, and hike for the woods before it's light in the morning, and lay low until the Kid and his father come. If the farmer comes to look for you here tonight, there'll only be four of us, as usual, and he won't suspicion anything. You do that, you Indian. Isn't it a good scheme, fellows?" he asked appealing to the others for approval.

"You bet it is," they agreed. "We'll surely fool him. Come on, you gotta do it," said Freckles and Brooksie, taking hold of the Indian and urging his steps toward the barn.

"I'd like to," the Indian said, "but I'm afraid I might get you into trouble."

"Oh, splash!" exclaimed Jack in a ladylike voice, which set them all to laughing.

(Continued next week.)

Our Correspondents

It is a sure thing, that when anyone writes a letter to the Peace Page and calls this earth "a vale of tears" and all its people "miserable sinners," it will not be printed. Kindly remember, my doleful friends, "Here we meet for health, happiness and good cheer."

Emma, of Santa Monica—Your letter and the pansy geranium blossom are on my desk. Thank you for both.

"Good luck to you, Nan, of Virginia."

Kindly learn this by heart, and remember not to forget it: If you do not sign your names to your letters, they will not receive attention. Your real name need not be published if you are scared to see it in print.

Brown Eyes of Transylvania County, North Carolina, please send your address to the Peace Page editor.

Please write Peace Page on the envelope of all letters intended for this page, and remember that only, bright, cheery letters are considered fit for publication at this end of the line. If you could know as I know, how much good, letters of cheer and encouragement do, you would not dream of writing any other kind. Time and again this message comes over our letter route: "The letters do me so much good. I love the letters." There you are, so brace up and keep the PEACE work going. You are the ones to keep the ball a-rolling. I give it an extra shove when it comes to my hands.

I would grant all of your requests; put everything you ask for in the paper; find your lost relatives; print all the poetry that is sent in; give you addresses; hand you the earth, if I could, but I cannot. The reason is told by the figure 1. We have but 1 page for our many affairs, and, incidentally, there is but 1 of me to look after all of you people. I am doing the best I can. With every pleasant wish for you and yours, I remain, yours truly—Elizabeth.

POEMS REQUESTED

The verses called When the Cows Come Home are among the requested ones. The words Kinkle, Kankle, Kinkle occur in each verse.

One of our friends would like the song, I's Going Back to Dixie.

Very much wished for is the poem containing these lines: "Two little children went strolling one day, down by the cold water side."

One of our friends wants the little poem, Tomorrow. It says: "If you want to go tomorrow, you've got to go today."

This is a picture of The Spitzer, one of the fine office buildings which make Toledo look like a "for sure" good town.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

HAVE YOU A HOBBY?

How many of the M. G. R. readers have a hobby? You may consider this a curious question, but circumstances have suggested it to me, and I will submit it to our column for analysis.

It has been said, "A hobby is a good thing if you don't ride it to death."

I will suggest a discussion of where to draw the line, and will take the side of no limit, and submit a few points in its favor.

A hobby might more properly be called an aspiration. A man or woman without an aspiration would be like a ship in midocean, without rudder or compass—drifting.

The old astronomer, Galileo, was called a heretic, but every school boy now knows that his hobby is an established fact.

Columbus was called a dreamer, but he rode his hobby to success.

Newcom, Watt, Stephenson, Fulton, Morse, Edison and Marconi applied practical demonstrations to their hobbies, and revolutionized conditions for civilization.

David Ross Locke rode his hobby into thousands of American homes and brought forth a statement from Abraham Lincoln, that the Nasby letters were doing more to save the union than a regiment of soldiers in the field."

Our editor has ridden her hobby until the PEACE PAGE has become one of the most enjoyable features of The **Blade.**

I confess that I have a hobby that has led me to delve into the catacombs of antiquity and feast on the dry bones of Josephus, the Arian Controversy, the History of Civilization and the Reformation. And, during the past year, I have added geology to my aspiration to know as much of the little that we can comprehend, as our limited capabilities will permit. I have just succeeded in finding a set of books consisting of four small volumes, that treat the subjects of the stars, the earth, physical life and plant life respectively. I am foolish enough to enjoy my hobby and ride it onward.

In conclusion, I would like to hear from our letter writers where aspiration in the right direction should end?—Pennemite Jake, Pennsylvania.

Pretty good, my friend. Thank you for the bouquet to me. I shall not tell what my hobby is, because if I should some of you might find it out.

Who speaks next on the hobby question? We have had descriptive and miscellaneous letters for a long time. Suppose we follow Pennemite Jake's suggestion. If you have a little hobby in your home, come and tell about it. Please do not make your letters very long. Practice the art of saying much in a few words. It is an art worth having.—Elizabeth.

A CHEERY VISITOR

Dear M. G. R's.—I thought I would write a few lines, it is such a beautiful August morning. The sun has not been up very long and the men are just going out to the fields.

It looks like spring here in Missouri, we have had so much rain lately. It rained almost every week in July. Last week it rained every day but one. This week it has not rained at all. We had no rain in May and June, so everything in the way of plant life dried up until now.

Mother, Jo March and I, have been putting up fruit. I like to make jelly. Has some one a job for me? I made some apple jelly yesterday that was a pretty good substitute for fly paper. It had the flavor, though.

One of our monthly roses is blooming, down there by the fence. I hope I may wear it to Sunday school in the morning.

I certainly enjoy The Blade Book. Oh, well, the Peace Page is all right, any way.

Audie, are you feasting on beans and have not time to write? I wish you would invite me to eat beans with you. I can keep up with you. It was so dry here in the spring that our garden did not thrive, but in July it rained and I planted more and tomorrow we are going to have the first "mess" of beans this season.

Lisle Saxton, we have some fine mocking birds, too. They sing all day and all night. It certainly is beautiful music.

Western Girl, I suppose you are galloping over the plains these days, having too much fun to write. I wish I were with you, if you are. There is nothing I like better than horseback riding.

I have been gone so long it seems as if I should have something to write about, but I have not, so I will close, with best wishes to everyone who reads the Peace Page.—Miss Ouri, of Missouri.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

THE GREAT AND GROWING WEST.

Dear Friends—Thinking perhaps, some few of the many readers of The Blade in the east would like to hear something of the great and growing west, I will try to tell a little about California and Colorado.

A few years ago I left the beautiful hills and valleys of West Virginia and turned my face westward, traveling for the greater part of a week, both day and night, until I reached Riverside, Cal. The contrast in early spring from the ice and slushy snows in West Virginia, to warm, sunny days and orange groves bending with ripe fruit, with roses and other flowers in bloom in California, was so great, that I almost thought it a pleasant dream.

From a man's observation and way of thinking, I think southern California is a very happy place for women who love flowers, roses, climbing vines, and so on. The humble little home is covered with climbing roses and pretty flowers. The churches, the court house, the county house for the poor, have their grounds beautified with rose bushes and shrubbery. The geraniums in the city park climb to the second story of the band stand and are still climbing.

They do some things on a large scale in California. We passed one vineyard of 3,000 acres. It caused me to smile when I thought of the two acres I helped to cultivate when a boy, and thought it rather hard to cut weeds all day in the hot sun.

At another point, we passed a pigeon farm, with thousands of the pretty birds fluttering in the sunshine.

After crossing the Rocky Mountains the mode of farming is quite different from the way they farm in the east. Almost all the farming is done by irrigation, as they cannot depend on rain for the crops. Here, in Colorado, a fair sized farm could not keep a jack rabbit without irrigation.

The snow in winter packs down hard in the mountains, from four to twelve feet deep. As it melts slowly in a high altitude, it supplies water for the farmer and fruit grower to irrigate with. Without water, the land is useless, but with a good irrigation system, land often sells for $1,000 an acre, set out to fruit.—Wilber Green, Grand Junction, Colorado.

If you feel like it, try a descriptive letter of your trips through the Rocky Mountains. I think you will land all right.—Elizabeth.

AN OREGON FRIEND

Dear Elizabeth—I will write a few words again, as it has been some time since I wrote, and then I fear my letter found its way to the "waiting basket," and is still waiting.

I will tell the brothers and sisters what we are doing. My husband and I are running a grocery store, and, though it is Sunday morning, we had to put up a big order to go out to a camp at the foot of Bohemia mountain. It seems rather quiet here in town this morning, as about 500 people left here yesterday for the hop yards. Hop picking is quite an industry in Oregon at this time of the year.

How I would enjoy the good time the Old Jigger from Up the Crick spoke of in his recent chapter of The Blade Book. I always turn to the Peace Page first and look for the letters. I enjoy reading the letters from all over, they make me feel as if I had met some of the good people in person.

I think I heard some one say, "ring off," so I will write another time if this does not find the waiting basket again.—A Missouri Girl in Oregon.

I am not sure about your letter being in the Waiting Basket. A good many are there, but I cannot call out the names, anyway. I am glad you wrote again. Come another time. We shall be pleased to have you. By the way, I notice the name of your store is "Golden Rule Grocery." I hope your customers play fair and are Golden Rule people. One good turn deserves another, you know!—Elizabeth.

SHE WAS INTERESTED

Dear Readers—Do any of you ever get so interested in the Peace Page as to let the supper almost, but not quite, burn up? I was sitting on the steps recently, reading the Old Jigger's letter, when the odor of too cooked food reached me. I was not long landing in the kitchen, holder in hand, to snatch the brands from the burning. Everything was all right directly, but I did not read any more until after supper.

The Old Jigger is all right. Could he not come oftener? I can imagine him leading the dance. We hope Wild Bill, Shorty, Mrs. William Reimann and Nellie R. N., West Virginia, will come again. Wishing peace and plenty for all, I will close.—Mrs. Manly Church, Estey, Michigan.

I think the ones you mention will be with us again. They are good friends of ours, and are likely to drop in almost any time.—Elizabeth.

RAT KILLIN'

CECIL, during the six years, more or less, that he had lived, had spent the greater part of his life in a city flat. The city was such a large one that he knew nothing of "playing out" with other children, and was in the constant companionship of his mother. She took him to the parks whenever it was possible, and to other places, where he might find amusement, but his outings were always very decorously conducted, and very little romping, or running, or "hollerin'," was known to the rather delicate Cecil.

He was not at all like a girl, either in his manners or inclinations, but he was in ignorance of what it meant to run wild, or to look after himself in any way whatever. The joys of the untrammeled boy were as yet unwritten on the pages of Cecil's history, but, as everyone knows and might as well expect, nothing goes on the same forever.

In the summer of his sixth year he was taken to a western city to spend a few weeks. This city was so much smaller than the one he came from that it seemed to him like the country. There were vacant lots for boys and dogs to play in, and there were lawns, and trees, and green grass bordering the streets.

It was a wonderland to Cecil, but, having no acquaintances among the children, he kept close to his mother, until an invitation came to him to spend the afternoon with some little girls who lived near the house where Cecil and his mother were staying. Permission was given him to go alone. His mother was not of the kind who wanted her son tied to her apron strings; it was circumstances which had hitherto made this necessary.

Cecil, immaculately arrayed in his best white linen suit, departed at an early hour in the afternoon, promising his mother, with much dignity, to be a good boy and behave politely, this being his first venture alone into society.

Cecil went for his afternoon out, a quiet and well-conducted little boy. He returned, some hours later, with his white clothes in a state which called the immediate use of the wash tub. His hair was everyway, except the way fixed by custom, and his eyes were big and shining with excitement. The boy that liked the rough and tumble side of life had come alive in him, and he was very much alive.

"Have you had a good time, Cecil?" his mother asked.

"You bet!" he said with enthusiasm.

"What have you been doing?" was her next question.

"Killing rats," he answered promptly and proudly. "Oh, they were great, big, lovely gray ones, and they runned and squealed, but we got 'em and killed 'em with the broom and things," he boasted.

"What did you do with them when they were dead?" asked his mother.

"Jumped on 'em," he said, as carelessly as if jumping on dead rats were an everyday occurrence with him.

He looked down at his now soiled, but a few hours before, spotless white duck shoes with which he had done the rat jumping, and he looked at them as if he were glad they were no longer spotless.

"Why, Cecil!" his mother exclaimed. "What else did you do?"

"Went into the chicken coop and pulled out the old nests and burned 'em up," he told her, bold and unashamed of his deeds of destruction.

"I've had a perfectly lovely time," he declared, "the loveliest time I ever had in my life!"

He looked the part, or so his mother said when she told me this story.

There is no special point to the tale. It simply goes to show that you never can tell what children are going to do, and that frequently you have to laugh when you feel, perhaps, that you should be doing something severe in the way of discipline.

Cecil's first venture alone into society, was an afternoon mostly spent in "rat killin'," but what was his mother to do about it, since he had had "the loveliest time?" What could any boy's mother do under the same circumstances. There are times and occasions when silence is golden, until you find out what to do.—Elizabeth.

THE ONLY WAY

I must tell the Peace Page readers, that I know the only way to have a happy home, is not to look for faults in those around you. We shall all find we have our faults, so we must be generous to others. If the young married people would only remember this, and never speak the first unkind word.

Will Carleton says in one of his poems, "Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds."

You cannot do that way when you are flying words. The words are gone, you cannot call them back, but the string is left.—Aunt Mary from Georgia.

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS.

As pickling, preserving and storing the cellar shelves with relishes for the winter is the important business with housekeepers at this season of the year, here are some recipes, which may come just in the nick o' time. If not paste them in your scrap book for future reference. They are good ones.

Tomato Pickle.

One peck of green tomatoes; two quarts of onions. Peel and slice both. Put in a crock in layers, with salt between. Let stand for 24 hours, then drain off the brine. Put on the stove with enough vinegar to cover. Put spices in a bag and cook until the tomatoes and onions are tender. Then put in two pounds of brown sugar. Mix four tablespoons of mustard and one of tumeric with vinegar and stir in. Cook a few minutes longer.

Spiced or Pickled Peaches.

To seven pounds of fruit, take three pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Cook to a syrup. Pour over the fruit and let stand two days. Pour off and cook again. Let stand two days, then cook again. Use whole cinnamon and cloves to spice with. After the final cooking, put in jars and seal.

Mustard Pickle.

One quart of onions after they are chopped. Two of cabbage; two of cucumbers; two of green tomatoes; six green peppers; one teacup of salt, with water sufficient to cover the mixture. Soak over night. Then take two quarts of vinegar; six tablespoons of mustard one cup of flour; three of sugar and one tablespoon of tumeric. Boil until it thickens. Put in the pickle and boil a few minutes longer. These are surely all right. They came from my mother's tried and true cook book. —Elizabeth.

Canned Tomatoes.

Pick ripe tomatoes. Put them in a pan and pour boiling water over them. When the skins begin to crack, remove them to another pan, and cover with cold water. In a few moments, the skin may be easily removed. Cut up and take out a part of the seeds. Put into a porcelain kettle and cook to a boiling point for thirty or forty minutes. Skim off all the scum that rises to the top. To each can or jar, put in one small teaspoonful of salt, while boiling. Have your glass jars well washed and provided with good, new rubbers. Can tightly and put in a box after they have stood about ten days, so you may be sure they will not spoil.

I have canned from 75 to 100 quarts in a season, and seldom have any spoil. I do not have good luck with tin cans.

Cucumbers in Brine.

Use cucumbers which are from two to four inches long. Wash, and put in layers in a jar that will hold two gallons. Put salt, the depth of one inch between layers of cucumbers until the jar is full. Place a plate over them with a weight on top, and, from their own brine, they will keep for two years or more. I put horse radish leaves over each layer, sometimes. This keeps them nice and green.—Mrs. W. A. Mahoney, Saegertown, Pa.

Pickled Corn on the Cob.

Plunge ears of corn into boiling water and cook as for "roasting ears." Pack closely in a jar. When the corn is cool, cover with clear, cold water, adding salt, till it tastes slightly salty, not brine, by any means, but a real, common "salty." Cover and weight. When wanted for use, wash the ears, cut off the corn and fry in hot butter or sausage grease, adding pepper and a half pint of boiling water. The corn in ready for the table, by the time the water is boiled out, leaving it slightly browned and very delicious. We can, pickle and dry corn and have it till it comes again. Pickled corn on the cob is a favorite way with us of using corn in the winter and it is so easy to prepare.—Nellie R. N., West Virginia.

ELECTION CAKE

Four pounds of flour, three-fourths of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, four eggs, one pound of currants or raisins, one-half pint of good yeast. Mix with milk until it may be moulded on a board, then place in a tin to rise. A moderate size loaf should bake three-quarters of an hour.—Gay, Pennsylvania.

POETS' CORNER

HOW WE TRIED TO WHIP THE TEACHER

By Eugene J. Hall.

I wuz a boy of seventeen, ungainly, dull an tall,
Ez green ez any goslin' but I tho't I knowed it all.
I went to school at Plans, I chopped up wood an' chored
For Zephaniah Wilkinson to pay him for my board.
One day Philetus Phinney, another boy in school,
About ez rough an' raw ez I—about ez big a fool—
Jist hinted in a private way, 'twould be a right smart feature,
An' give us lots o' glory, if we'd up an' lick the teacher.
We wouldn't ask no better fun than jist to make him climb;
We'd have a long vacation an' a whopper o' a time.
The teacher he wuz sickly—he wuz not ez big ez I—
I knew that we could bounce him ef we didn't half but try,
Fur eny one a lookin' at him, would a said on sight,
Ther' wuzn't eny sand in him an' not a speck o' fight,
His hands they wan't accustomed much to hangin' on to ploughs,
To hoein' corn, to cradlin' wheat, or milkin' twenty cows,
Philetus said he'd use him fur a mop to mop the floor,
An' when he begged an' hollered that we'd hist him out the door,
We told the boys at recess o' the plot that we had planned;
They said if we couldn't down him, they'd lend a helpin' hand;
But big Philetus Phinney he wuz tickled ez could be
To think they tho't a snip like that could lick a chap like he;
'F I'd kick the bucket over he'd make the teacher dance—
He'd flop him in the water an' he'd mop it with his pants.
We heard the school bell ringin'. We scrambled in pell mell;
I run agin the water pail, on puppus, an' I fell;
I struck upon a stick o' wood, I badly raked my shin,
The water swashed upon me, an' it wet me to the skin;
The scrawny little teacher, why! he bounded from his chair,
He took me by the trousers, an' he held me in the air;
Then round an' round an' round an' round he whirled me like a top,
And' when I seed a thousan' stars he sudden let me drop;
He took me an' he shook me till I tho't that I should die;
He swished me with his ruler till my pants were nearly dry,
While big Philetus Phinney he wuz jist too scared to laugh,
He let the teacher thrash me till I bellered like a calf,
An' all the other fightin' boys, with white an' frightened looks,
Sat shakin' in the'r very boots an' res'lin' with ther' books,
An' oh! how hard they studied—not a feller spoke or stirred—
They didn't dar to whisper or to speak a single word,
Whar is that little teacher that give me such a scar?
He still is peaked lookin'—he's settin' over thar'—
An' tho' he's nearly seventy, an' sickly yet, I vow,
I'd hate to hev him git those hands o' his'n on me now.
He taught me one great lesson by that floggin' in his school;
That a braggart an' a bully ar' a coward an' a fool.

KITTY CLYDE

Author Unknown.

Who does not know sweet Kitty Clyde
She lives at the foot of the hill,
In a sly little nook
By the babbling brook,
That carries her father's old mill,
Oh! who does not love Kitty Clyde?
The rosy-cheeked, sunny-eyed lass,
With a sweet dimpled chin,
That looks roguish as sin,
And ever a smile as you pass.

CHORUS.

Dear Kitty, sweet Kitty!
My own sweet Kitty Clyde.
Oh, how I do wish that I were a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.

With a basket to put her fish in,
Every morn with a line and a hook,
This sweet little lass,
Through the tall, wavy grass,
Steals along by the clear running brook;
She throws her line into the stream,
And trips it along the brookside,
Oh, how I do wish that I were a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.

ESSIE, DEAR

Author Unknown.

I am waiting in the wildwood, Ess dear!
Beside the stream that murmu sweet and low.
In the nook we've known since chil hood, Essie dear,
Where sunbeams on the ripples co and go;
Overhead the birds are singing in t trees,
While their joyous carols ec through the dell
Where the violets are smiling in t breeze,
There our happy, happy tale of lo we'll tell.

CHORUS.

I am waiting in the wildwood, Ess dear!
Beside the stream that murmu sweet and low.
In the nook we've known since chil hood, Essie dear,
Where oft we've met in happy da ago.

Linger not, but haste to meet me, Ess dear,
Down where we roamed in mer days, "Lang Syne."
I am waiting here to greet thee, Ess dear,
For I long to hear you whisp "Ever thine."
Oh! I love you more than all the wor beside;
Ever true you've been in sorrow a in pain.
You were the star my weary heart guide;
How I long to hear your winni voice again.

SILENT NIGHT

Author Unknown.

Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin, mother and child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in Heavenly peace,
Sleep in Heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sang Alleluia
Christ the Saviour is born.
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God, loves pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With a dawn of redeeming grace.
Jesus Lord at thy birth,
Jesus Lord at thy birth.

SINGING IN THE RAIN

By Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Where the elm-tree branches,
By the rain are stirred,
Careless of the shower,
Swings a little bird:
Clouds may frown and darken,
Drops may fall in vain,
Little heeds the warbler,
Singing in the rain.

Dimmer fall the shadows,
Mistier grows the air—
Still the black clouds gather,
Dark'ning here and there.
From their heavier fringes
Pour their drops amain;
Still the bird is singing,
Singing in the rain.

Oh, thou hopeful singer,
Whom thy faith perceives
To a dove transfigured,
Bringing olive leaves;
Olive leaves of promise,
Types of joy to be:
How in doubt and trial,
Learns my heart of thee.

Cheerful summer prophet,
Lisnt'ning to thy song,
How my fainting spirit
Groweth glad and strong.
Let the black clouds gather,
Let the sunshine wane,
If I may but join thee
Singing in the rain.

Let the black clouds gather,
Let the sunshine wane,
If I may but join thee
Singing in the rain.

Wanted—The song entitled Montan and the college song called The Bul frog. Part of the chorus is: "Oh, th bulldog on the bank and the bullfro in the pond."

The poem called The Conquere Banner is wanted.

Woman's Danger Periods Made Safe

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Here is proof:

Natick, Mass.,—"I cannot express what I went through during the Change of Life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold. I had creepy sensations and could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I had a tumor.

"I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it has worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Nathan B. Greaton, 51 No. Main St., Natick, Mass.

ANOTHER SIMILAR CASE.

Cornwallville, N. Y.—"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time for Change of Life, nervousness, and a fibroid growth.

"Two doctors advised me to go to the hospital, but one day while I was away visiting, I met a woman who told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and I know it helped me wonderfully. I am very thankful that I was told to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Wm. Boughton, Cornwallville, N. Y., Greene Co.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

☞ Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

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A splendid Dictionary of the English Language, has a valuable appendix, containing a world of information. Contains the new 1910 census—many colored plates of artistic beauty. It is bound in genuine limp leather, printed on good paper, the title on back is real gold leaf, and is an excellent value at the regular price, which is $2.50.

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I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I Want to Send You a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free

to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will **cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost**, my book **"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to **think for herself**. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS**, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

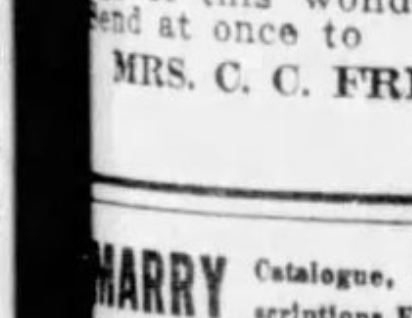
Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, **also the book**. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 8 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 27 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.



LADIES WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will **send a 50 cent package** of this wonderful remedy **FREE.** Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306,
DETROIT, MICH.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited.
SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER.
THE PILOT, Dept. 89, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed)
Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SONG POEMS AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS
That are successful—bring fame and cash to their writers. Send us your manuscript, or write for free particulars. Publication guaranteed if accepted. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 200, Washington, D. C.

MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY
FOR STOMACH TROUBLES INDIGESTION GAS ON THE STOMACH AND INTESTINES
THIS REMEDY REMOVES GALL STONES
GEO. H. MAYR Mfg. Chemist Mayr Bldg., Chicago
POWDER No. 1
POWDER No. 2

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal accretions**, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **Free** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist
Mayr Building, 154-156 Whiting Street, Chicago
References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon To-day
Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, Mayr Bldg., 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago
Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.
Name........................
Address........................
City and State........................
Write Plainly
Express Office........................ 74

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by the Pure Food and Drug Act, Serial No. 25793

WET MAJORITY IN MAINE SHRINKING

With Eight Small Towns to Be Heard From, Lead Is 621.

Portland, Me., Sept. 12.—At 12:45 p. m. the official returns indicated that the apparent majority in favor of repealing the prohibitory law may be wiped out.

Portland, Me., Sept. 12.—As returns from missing towns are received and the unofficial figures of last night are compared with official reports, there is a gradual shrinkage shown in the apparent majority by which prohibition was stricken from the constitution yesterday. With eight small towns the total of whose normal vote is less than 200, to be heard from, the figures stood: For repeal, 60,807; against repeal, 60,186.

This gives the repeal a majority of 621.

The no-license workers, although still hopeful that the figures will swing their way, are already preparing for a strenuous campaign to keep the stattue of prohibition intact. To repeal the statute will require a two-thirds vote of the legislature, and no-license people insist that in view of the close vote yesterday, it will be hard for the other side to muster a sufficient number of votes.

One hundred and twenty thousand voters cast ballots on the question.

As had been predicted, the cities were the chief strnogholds of the repeal faction, but the majority of 12,000 in the total city vote was barely sufficient, according to the latest available returns to offset the vote of the rural communities.

Huge Vote Turned Out.

Although the vote did not equal that of a year ago, when the Democrats swept the state, which for years had been a Republican stronghold, the election was without question one of the most interesting contests the state has ever known. There was not a home in any section of the state which had not been flooded with literature sent out by both sides, while the voters were waited upon by personal workers and harangued at public gatherings to cast their ballots for or against repeal, as the case might be.

Crowd of Voters at Polls.

The result was hundreds of voters who had not visited the polls for years, with the possible exception of last year, were recorded yesterday. Little excitement marked the voting. Although the polls in some of the cities were crowded during much of the time, it was an orderly crowd and gave the officials little or no trouble.

WET VICTORY DOESN'T MEAN OPEN SALOONS

Defeat of prohibition in Maine, now lingering in the balance, according to late figures, is not accomplished by the vote of yesterday. Victory for the wets in Monday's election does not open the state to public sale of liquor. To accomplish this will require a two-thirds vote of the state legislature, repealing the no-license statute. Victory by the wets in Monday's battle will precipitate a fight to prevent repeal of the statute, while defeat of the wets would settle the question, leaving the state nominally dry for some time to come.

Smoke of Herbs Cures Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

BREAKS AIR SPEED RECORD

Etampes, France, Sept. 9.—M. Helles, the French aviator, competing for the Michelin cup yesterday, beat his own record of 746 miles in 15 hours, made August 26 at Mourmelon, by flying 1,253 kilometers (776.86 miles.) His time was 14 hours, 7 minutes.

RECORD COTTON PRICE IS PAID

Farmers Get More Money This Year Than Ever Before.

New Orleans, Sept. 6.—No American cotton crop ever grown has sold for as much as the one just marketed, the value, including the seed, having been $1,000,000,000, according to the report of Col. Henry G. Hester, secretary of the New Orleans cotton exchange.

With 1,700,000 bales less than contained in the bumper crop of 1908-09, the crop just marketed netted the south $254,000,000 more. The 13,511,000-bale crop of 1906-07 brought $222,000,000 less than the season which ended Sept. 1, 1911.

Get Average of $75.69 a Bale.

Another significant feature of the report is the statement that, even with the increase of more than 1,500,000 bales over last season's crop, the supply was deficient, "and notwithstanding the resultant high values all of the year's growth found its way to the mills."

The farmer was paid an average of 14.60 cents a pound, or $75.69 a bale.

Decrease in Mill Consumption.

The consumption of American cotton by northern mills, Mr. Hester says, is 2,094,000 bales, against 2,174,000 last year. He says north and south the aggregate consumption was 4,458,000 bales, while they used 220,000 bales of foreign cotton, making a total consumption of all kinds of 4,678,000 bales, against 4,665,000 last year.

He puts the world's consumption of American cotton at 12,034,000 bales, an increase over last year of 260,000, and a decrease under the year before of 1,123,000 bales.

FARM VALUES INCREASE, BUT TRADE DOES NOT KEEP PACE

Washington, Sept. 7.—Census Director Durand gave out yesterday an important advance statement from the bureau of the census containing additional figures and details of the agricultrual statistics of continental United States collected at the thirteenth decennial census.

Slow Increase in Number of Farms.

During the 10 years which followed the census of 1900, the population of the United States increased 21 per cent, but the number of farms did not keep pace with the increase in population. From 5,737,372 in 1900 the number grew to 6,340,357, an increase of 602,875, or 10.5 per cent. For the whole United States this is the lowest rate of increase which has been noted since the number of farms was first recorded in 1850. Measured by number of farms, agriculture exhibits a diminished rate of increase, and in large areas of the country is practically stationary.

The increase in the total acreage devoted to agriculture was only 35,137,000 acres, or 4.2 per cent. The actual area in farms was 838,592,000 acres in 1900 and 873,729,000 acres in 1910.

Improved land, however, increased more rapidly than the total farm acreage or number of farms, the advance being from 414,499,000 acres in 1900 to 477,448,000 acres in 1910, a gain of 62,949,000 acres, or 15.2 per cent in 10 years. Yet this percentage was only about two-thirds the growth of popuation, showing that at the best the number of acres under cultivation and used for the production of crops had not kept pace with the increase in the number of people.

Increase in Farm Values.

In striking contrast with the slow growth in the number ond acreage of farms and the area of improved age of larms nd the area of improved land during the 14 years is the enormouse rise which has occurred in the value of farm property. Farm land, exclusive of buildings, which was valued at $13,058,008,000 in 1900, had more than doubled before 1910, being then returned as having a value of $28,386,770,000. The enormous increase here recorded of $15,328,762,000 represents an advance of 117.4 per cent in the value of all land in farms.

It is immediately evident that the relatively small increase in the total acreage of farm land, 4.2 per cent, was one of the least important of the factors causing the great increase in aggregate value. The average value of farm land per acre increased from $15.57 in 1900 to $32.49 in 1910, a gain of $16.92 per acre, or 108.7 per cent.

Of the factors contributing to this increase in the average value of land the most important is doubtless that of advancing farm prices of agricultural products.

The fact that desirable free land has practically disappeared, resulting in an increase in the number of buyers, and that this number has been augmented by an increase demand for homes in the open country, has caused an upward movement in values. At the same time the owners of farm lands are less willing to sell than formerly, appreciating as they do the lower cost of living in the country as well as the growing importance of land ownership. They place a value on the farm as a home as well as a place to work for a living.

Farm Buildings, Implements and Machinery.

It is not alone farm land which has increased in value. Farm buildings valued in 1900 as $3,556,640,000 have increased to $6,294,737,000 in 1910, a growth of 77 per cent. Implements and machinery show a corresponding but slightly less pronounced growth in value. In 1900 they represented $749,776,000 and in 1910 $1,262,022,000, an increase in value of 68.3 per cent.

White and Colored Farmers.

The number of farms operated by white farmers was 5,422,892, or 85.5 per cent of all farms, while the number operated by negro and other nonwhite farmers was 917,465, or 14.5 per cent of the whole. There is a slight increase in the proportion of negro and other nonwhite farmers, the proportion of farms operated by them 10 years ago being 13.4 per cent.

Of the total number of farms, 3,933,705, operated in 1910 by owners, there were 2,622,341, or 66.7 per cent, reported as "owned free of debt," while 1,311,364, or 33.3 per cent, were reported as mortgaged. There were 45,975 farms for which no mortgage report was secured, and these are included in the farms reported as free from debt. The census bureau has no information respecting the indebtedness in farms leased to tenants or operated by managers.

	1910	1900	Inc., 1900-1910x No. or amount.	Per cent.	Percentage Distribution. 1910	1900
zAll farms	6,340,357	5,737,372	602,985	10.5	.....	.....
Total acreage	873,729,000	838,592,000	35,137,000	4.2	.....	.....
Improved acreage	477,448,000	414,499,000	62,949,000	15.2	.....	.....
Per cent of improved avrege of total acrage	55	49	....	....	.....	.....
Average acres per farm	138	146	—8	—5.4	.....	.....
Value of land and bldgs.	$34,681,507,000	$16,614,648,000	$18,066,859,000	108.7	.....	.....
Value of land	28,386,770,000	13,058,008,000	$15,328,762,000	117.4	.....	.....
Value of buildings	6,294,737,000	3,556,640,000	$2,738,097,000	77.0	.....	.....
Value impl'ts and mac.	1,262,022,000	749,776,000	$512,246,000	68.3	.....	.....
Av. val. acre land-bldgs.	$39.69	$19.81	$19.88	100.4	.....	.....
Av. val. acre land alone.	32.49	$15.57	$16.92	108.7	.....	.....
Expenditures for						
Labor	645,612,000	357,392,000	$288,220,000	80.6	.....	.....
Fertilizer	114,277,000	$53,432,000	$60,845,000	113.9	.....	.....
All farms by color of farmes:						
White farmers	5,422,892	4,969,608	453,284	9.1	85.5	86.4
Negro and non white	917,465	767,764	149,701	19.5	14.5	13.4
Total	6,340,357	5,737,372	602,985	10.5	100.0	100.0
All farms by tenure:						
All owners	3,933,705	3,653,323	280,382	7.7	62.0	63.7
Owners, free	2,622,341	......	....	.....	66.7	.....
Owners mortgage	1,311,364		....	.....	33.3	.....
Tenants	2,349,254	2,024,964	324,290	16.0	37.1	35.3
Managers	57,398	59,085	—1,687	—2.9	0.9	1.0
Distribution by acreage groups:						
19 acres and under	829,303	673,870	155,433	23.1	13.1	11.7
20 to 49 acres	1,410,992	1,257,496	153,496	12.2	22.3	21.9
50 to 99 acres	1,435,743	1,366,038	69,705	5.1	22.6	23.8
100 to 174 acres	1,513,235	1,422,262	90,973	6.4	23.9	24.8
175 to 499 acres	976,597	868,020	108,577	12.5	15.4	15.1
500 to 999 acres	124,883	102,526	22,357	21.8	2.0	1.8
1,000 acres and over	49,604	47,160	2,444	5.2	0.8	0.8

xMinus sign (—) denotes decrease.
zEx. data for Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Sept. 12.—Liberal receipts at Duluth, easier cables and selling by weary longs cut the bottom of the bag, so to speak, and wheat values dropped at the outset. Burdensome stocks continue to perch as an incubus upon the bull element and holders find it difficult to maintain prices without cables, cash demand and other factors in their favor. Reports that the German rye and wheat crops are about norma lwill be a heavy blow to longs. Another phase of the situation unfavorable to those who hold is the fact that the general public continues to shun the market. Toledo cash and September opened ¼c down at 94½c; December ⅛c higher at 97¾c, and May ¼c advanced at $1.03⅝. Before midday, cash and the near month gained ¼c and the two more remote futures slipped back¼@⅜c.

Covering by shorts later in the day rallied, the market which closed about ⅜c up with cash and Sept. at 95¼, Dec. at 98c, May at $1.03⅝.

Whether Germany will import corn to offset the shortage in forage crops is uncertain. The empire has a tariff on maize, although little is raised in that country. The market opened ⅛@¼c lower, as follows: September 68¼c, December 64¼c and May 67c.

Cash and Sept. corn closed at 68½c, Dec. at 64⅜c, May at 67⅛c.

At the following prices oats opened about unchanged; September 45¼c, December 48c, May 50c.

Oats closed as follows: Cash and Sept. 45½c, Dec. 48⅛c, May 50⅛c.

Clover seed opened weak and in the first half hour lost 7½@25c. At 10 a. m. the market stood at $12.25 all down the list.

There was scattered selling in clover seed and this forced the market down to $12.20, the closing level.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close. Sept. 12.	Sept. 11
TOLEDO.					
Wheat—					
Cash	94½	....	....	95¼	94¾
Sept.	94½	....	....	95¼	94¾
Dec.	97¾	....	....	98	97⅝
May	1.03⅝	....	1.02⅞	1.03⅝	1.03⅛
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	68½	68½
Sept.	68¼	....	....	68½	68½
Dec.	64⅛	....	....	64⅜	64⅜
May	67	....	66⅞	67⅛	67⅛
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	45½	45¼
Sept.	45¼	....	....	45½	45¼
Dec.	48	....	....	48⅛	48
May	50	....	....	50⅛	50⅛
Clover Seed—					
Cash	12.30	....	....	12.20	12.32½
Oct.	12.30	....	....	12.20	12.32½
Dec.	12.21½	....	....	12.20	12.32½
Mar.	12.25	....	....	12.20	12.32½
No. 2	....	....		11.75@85	....
No. 3	....	....		11.65@45	....
Rejected	....	....		11.20@11.30	....
N. E. G.	....	....		8.25@10.85	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	89	89
Timothy—					
Cash	....	....	....	7.10	7.10
Sept.	....	....	....	7.07½	7.05
Dec.	....	....	....	7.05	7.07½
March	....	....	....	7.00	7.00
Alsike—					
Cash	....	....	....	10.95	10.90
Dec.	....	....	....	11.00	11.00
March	....	....	....	11.05	11.05
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
Sept.	92⅜	92½	91¾	92⅜	92¼
Dec.	96⅝	96⅞	95⅞	96¾	96½
May	1.02¼	1.02½	1.01⅝	1.02⅝	1.02⅛
Corn—					
Sept.	66⅜	....	66½	66¾	66⅝
Dec.	63¾	....	....	64¼	64
May	66¼	....	66	66⅝	66⅛
Oats—					
Sept.	43¼	....	43	43½	43⅛
Dec.	45⅞	....	45⅝	46	45¾
May	45⅝	....	48½	48⅝	48⅝
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
Sept.	99½	....	....	99¼	99⅝
Dec.	1.02½	....	....	1.02¾	1.02¾
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
Sept.	90¼	....	....	90¾	90½
Dec.	95	....	94⅜	95⅝	94⅞
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.01½	1.01⅝
Dec.	....	....	....	1.03⅝	1.03⅜
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
Oct.	....	....	....	1.01⅛	1.01⅜
Dec.	....	....	....	1.02½	1.02⅝
WINNIPEG.					
Wheat—					
Oct.	....	....	....	99⅝	99¼
Dec.	....	....	....	97⅞	97¼
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
Sept.	15.05	....	....	15.00	15.20
Jan.	16.02	....	15.90	16.00	16.02
Lard—					
Sept.	9.32	....	....	9.35	9.37
Oct.	9.40	....	....	9.40	8.42
Jan.	9.27	9.30	....	9.27	9.32
Ribs—					
Sept.	8.80	....	....	8.75	8.82
Oct.	8.80	....	....	8.80	8.87
Jan.	8.32	8.35	....	8.32	8.37

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 12.—(Wall Street.)—There was a general advance in stocks at the opening of the market today, with the exception of Reading, which fell back ⅝, and Atchison, ½. Gains were made by Canadian Pacific, Western Maryland and Texas Oil. Union Pacific and Lehigh Valley advanced ¾. Within the first few minutes the market reacted. Opening gains were lost and in some cases stocks fell to a point under yesterday's close.

By the time Atchison, Reading and Lehigh Valley had been depressed a point below yesterday's closing supporting orders began to appear to offset the effects of the bear raid, and the whole list rallied briskly. Northern Pacific and the metal, Harriman and coal stocks were in large demand, but fresh selling orders were encountered again after price had risen again above last night.

Lehigh Valley, which opened at 154¼, sagged to 151⅞, and there was also a loss of over a point in Pennsylvania. International Harvester declined 2 points.

Further nervousness in the stock market was shown in the uncertain fluctuations of prices during the morning. After opening at general gains, the market developed a heavy tone. Foreign selling was less of a factor than yesterday, pressure coming chiefly from local traders. Some of the heaviest selling bore the appearance of forced liquidation, the source of which was still obscured. The weakness of the market became more acute on announcement of the failure of a stock exchange firm, and many stocks sold within a small fraction of their lowest prices of yesterday morning. Missouri Pacific went down 1⅛, to 35⅛, the lowest level reached for several years. Bonds were firm, with American Tobacco 4's in active demand.

During the noon hour trading became more active, with a smart rebound in prices. Union Pacific and American Smelting were up apoint from yesterday's close, and the rest of the active list reflected a degree of underlying strength. Much of the recovery was probably due to covering of short contracts on teh theory that the market had been oversold.

New York Stocks.

Toledo, Sept. 12, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	p. m.
Am. Loco. com	34½	35	34½	34½
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	115½	115½	115	115
Atchison	102⅛	103¼	101¾	102¾
Am. Car & F. Co.	47¼	47⅜	47¼	47¼
Anaconda	34	34	33⅞	33⅞
Amal. Copper	56⅛	57⅛	55⅝	56¾
Am. Smelters	68¼	68⅞	67¼	68⅝
Am. Ag. Chem. com	53½	53½	53½	53½
Am. Tel. & Tel	134⅝	134⅞	134⅜	134¾
Am. Tobacco pfd	93¾	95	93¾	95
Am. Cotton Oil	52	52	52	52
Am. Beet Sugar	54	54⅝	53½	54
Biscuit com.	126	128¼	126	128¼
Balt. & Ohio	95¾	96	95¼	95⅝
B'lyn R. Trans	73½	73½	73¼	73¼
Beth. Steel com	29½	29½	29⅜	29⅜
Chicago & G. W.	17¾	17¾	17⅝	17⅝
Canadian Pac.	222¾	223½	221¼	223⅛
Clover Leaf	17⅝	17⅝	17⅝	17⅝
Clover Leaf pfd.	40½	41	40½	41
Ches. & Ohio	70½	70¾	69⅝	70¾
Central Leather	22⅞	22¾	22⅜	22¾
Consolidated Gas	132	132¾	131½	132¼
Can. pfd.	84⅜	85½	84⅜	85½
Corn Product com	12½	13	12⅜	13
Del. & Hudson	161	161	160¾	160¾
Distillers Sec.	31	31	31	31
Erie com.	29⅜	29⅜	29	29⅜
Erie 1st pfd	48⅞	49¼	48½	49¼
Erie 2nd pfd	40	40	40	40
Gt. Northern pfd	121⅜	122½	121½	122½
Gt. Northern Ore	47	47	45½	45½
Ill. Central	135¼	135¼	135¼	135¼
Int. Harvester com	105	105	103¼	104½
Interborough com	14½	14½	14⅜	14⅜
Interborough pfd	42½	42½	42	42
Louis. & Nash	140¼	140⅝	140¼	140⅝
Laclede Gas	103½	103½	103	103½
Missouri Pacific	36⅜	36⅜	35¼	36
M. S. M.	129½	130¼	129½	130¼
M., K. & T. com	29¼	29¼	29¼	29¼
North. Pacific	113¾	114¼	113¼	114
National Lead	48½	49	48¾	49
Nevada Con's.	16⅞	17	16⅞	17¼
Northwestern	140	140	140	140
N. Y. Central	102⅜	102½	102	102½
N. & W. com	101⅝	101⅝	101⅝	101⅜
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	29½	29½	29½	29¼
Penn. Ry.	120¼	120¼	119⅝	119⅞
Pacific Mail	29	30⅞	29	30⅞
People's Gas Co.	104	104	103	103
Reading com.	138¾	139⅞	138	139⅝
Rock Island	24	24¼	23⅝	24¼
Rock Island pfd	47¼	47¼	47¼	47¼
Rep. I. and S. Co.	24⅛	24⅜	24⅛	24⅜
South. Ry.	26⅛	26⅛	26	26
South. Ry. pfd	65½	66	65¼	66
St. Paul	111⅝	112⅞	111⅛	112⅜
South. Pacific	107¼	108	106½	107⅞
Third Ave.	8¼	8¼	8	8
Texas Pacific	23½	23½	23⅛	23¼
Union Pacific	163	163⅛	161⅞	163
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	102	102	102	102
U. S. Steel	68¼	68⅝	67½	68⅝
U. S. Steel pfd	115⅝	115⅝	114¾	114⅞
U. S. Steel 5's	103⅜	103⅝	103⅛	103⅝
U. S. Rubber com	37	37	37	37
Utah Copper	42¾	43	42¾	43
Virginia Chem.	51⅞	52⅛	51⅞	52⅛
Western Md.	54	54⅛	54	54⅛
Wabash com.	13⅜	13⅜	13⅜	13⅜
Wabash pfd.	27	27¼	27	27¼
Western Union	74	74	74	74
Westinghouse	64	64	63	63⅛

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 12.—Hog receipts were fair and the market ruled 5c lower. Other lines were lower.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.40@7.45; good mediums, $7.45@7.50; heavy yorkers, $7.50@$7.55; light yorkers, 7.00@7.25; good pigs, $6.50@6.90; bulk of sales, $7.45@7.50; good mixed, $7.45@7.50; stags and roughs, $5.00@6.50.

Cattle—Prime Steers, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $7.00@7.25; good fat, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.25; god butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologna, $3.00@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good heifers, $3.50@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.50; stockers, $3.50@4.00; stockers common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; common to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; top lambs, $4.00@6.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, 9 down; fair to good, $8.00@8.50; common to light, $7.00@7.50; heavy and pailfed, $5.00@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 6,000; market weak; beeves, $5@8.10; Texas steers, $4.40@6.40; western steers, $4@7; stockers and feeders, $3@5.50; cows and heifers, $2.25@6.30; calves, $6.25@9.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 11,000 market weak; light, $6.90@7.50; mixed, $6.85@7.50; heavy, $6.65@7.40; rough, $6.65@6.90; good to choice heavy, $6.90@7.40; pigs, $4.60@7.10; bulk of sales, $6.85@7.25. Sheep, receipts estimated at 35,000; market weak, 10c lower; native, $2.15@3.80; western, $2.40@3.85; yearlings, $3.75@4.65; lambs, native, $3.75@5.60; western, $4.15@5.65.

Pittsburgh Live Stock.

Pittsburgh, Sept. 12.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Receipts 1,200; dull, lower; heavy, $7.40@7.45; mixed, $7.50@7.55; mediums and yorkers $7.60@7.65; lights, $7.00@7.40; pigs, $6.00@6.60. Sheep—Steady; $4.25; lambs, $6.00. Calves—Steady; $9.25.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Cattle, four cars; market slow. Hogs, 25 cars; market steady; heavy, $7.40@7.50; yorkers, $7.60@7.70; pigs, $7.00. Sheep, ten cars; market slow; top lambs, $6.15; yearlings, $4.50@4.75; wethers, $4.00@4.25; ewes, $3.25@3.75. Calves, $4.50@9.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 12.—Cattle, receipts 100; market steady. Veal calves, receipts 240, market steady; good to choice, $9.00@9.25. Sheep and lambs, receipts 800; market steady; choice spring lambs, $5.75@6.00. Hogs, receipts 1,500; market steady; extreme heavies, $7.35; mediums, $7.55; yorkers, $7.55@7.60; light yorkers, $7.55@7.60; pigs, $6.75; roughs, $6.40; stags, $5.75.

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 27½@28c; solid pack, 26½@27c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 23½@24½c; dairy, prime, 22c; packing stock, 16c; oleo, 16@20c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 15c; New York state, 15c; brick, 16c; limburger, 15@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, candled, 23@24c; current receipts, 21c.

Onions—Home-grown, 100 lbs., $1.85; Spanish, crate, 45 lbs., $1.50; pickling, bu. $2.25; garlic, 10c.

Celery—Michigan small bunches, doz., 25c.

Lettuce—5c head; hamper, $1.50; Endive, 25@30c.

Mango Pepper—Bu., green, 50c; red, $1.25.

Egg Plant—Dozen, 50c.

Cucumbers—Home-grown, bu., 25@50c.

Tomatoes—Bu., 50c.

Beans—Home-grown, 60@70c; green Lima, qt., 12½c.

Potatoes—Bbl., 2¾ bu., $3.25.

Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., $3.65@3.75; basket, $1.35.

Turnips—Bu., 50@60c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., $1.50.

Cauliflower—Dozen, $1.25@1.50.

Beets—Bu., 50c.

Radishes—Bunch, long, 10@12c; round 10@12c.

Parsley—Dozen bunches, 15c.

Onions—Green, doz., 10c.

Vegetable Oysters—Doz., 25c.

Carrots—Bu., 75c.

Sweet Corn—Doz., 10c.

Summer Squash—50@75c doz.; Boston Marrow, doz., $1.25; Hubbard, doz., $1.50@2.00.

Cranberries—Oak Bog, bu., $2.50; Cape Cod, bu., $2.50.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 10@10½c; heavy and rough, 9@9½c; calves, prime, 12@12½c; fair 11c.

Fowls, 12½c; broilers, lb., 13½@14c.

Yearling lambs, 10@11c; Easter lambs, pelts off, 10@12c; sheep, 5@7c.

Cow Beef—5@7c.

Steers—8@10c

Heifers—7@9c

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—Butter steady; creameries, 21@26c; dairies, 18@24c. Eggs steady; receipts 6,014 cases; at mark, cases included 14@17c; firsts, 18c; prime firsts, 19½c. Cheese steady; daisies, 13@13½c; twins, 12½@12¾c; young Americas, 13¼@13½c; long horns, 13¼@13½c. Potatoes steady; choice to fancy, $1@1.05; fair to good, 90@95c. Poultry, live, firm; turkeys, 14c; fowls, 12½c; springs 12½c. Veal steady, 50 to 60-lb. wts., 8@9c; 60 to 85-lb. wts., 9½@10½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 11c.

New York Produce.

New York, Sept. 12.—Flour, steady; extra No. 1 winter, $3.45@3.60; extra No. 2 winter, $3.25@3.40; Kansas straights, $4.25@4.40. Wheat—Rather liberal offerings of wheat developed this morning as a result of further weakness at Berlin and Liverpool, causing prices to drop about ¼c; December, $1.02 7-16@1.03 5-16c. Pork, quiet; mess, $18.50@18.75. Beef, steady. Lard, easier; middle west, $9.65@9.75. Raw sugar, firm; Muscovado, 89 test, 5.25c; centrifugal, 96 test, 5.75c; molasses, 89 test, 5.00c; refined, strong. Petroleum, steady. Spot coffee, steady. Molasses, steady. Hay, steady.

Butter—Steady, unchanged; receipts 12,522. Cheese—Firm, unchanged; receipts 4,813. Eggs—Steady, unchanged; receipts 17,454. Poultry—Alive, steady; western spring chickens, 14@14½c; fowls, 14c; turkeys, 13c; dressed, dull; western broilers, 15@21c; fowls, 14@17c; spring turkeys, selected, 28c; others, 10@16c.

Cotton.

New York, Sept. 12.—Cotton futures opened steady; September, 11.50@11.60c; October, 11.28c; December 11.38c; January, 11.38c; March, 11.49c; May, 11.59c; July, 11.57@11.59c.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 1 point to a decline of 2 points and ruled very quiet during the early trading. Cables were a shade better than due, if anything, but press advices indicated no improvement in the European political situation and sentiment here appeared to have been impressed considerably by yesterday's reports of an easier spot situation. Price ruled net unchanged to 2 points lower toward the end of the first hour.

BUSINESS IS IMPROVING.

The record of commercial mortality during the month of August, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., indicates a continuance of the progress toward better conditions, which has been so marked a feature of these returns since the opening of the year, for while there is a slight increase in the number reported there is a very considerable contraction in the amount involved as compared with the same month a year ago. Moreover, the number of failure was notably smaller than in any preceding month of the current year, with the single exception of June, while the aggregate liabilities were lighter in every case. The number of suspensions during August was 926, with total defaulted indebtedness amounting to $11,116,631, a marked improvement over last year, when 919 failures were reported with liabilities of $12,442,063, but a somewhat indifferent showing in comparison with the 917 in August, 1909, for $9,620,576. Compared with the 1,119 for $23,782,378 in the same month of 1908 or the 850 for $15,197,749 in 1907, however, the exhibit is notably in favor of the past.

The most striking feature of the statement is the improvement shown by the manufacturing division, in which 227 failures involving $5,636,068 compare with 266 last year for $7,751,674, with 222 for $4,010,002 in 1909; 253 for $15,152,880 in 1908 and 217 for $11,047,249 in 1907. They are also fewer in number and smaller in the amount involved than in any previous month this year. Trading failures, on the other hand, make a quite unsatisfactory comparison with the same month in every year back to 1899, except 1908 as to amount, and except 1909, 1908 and 1904 as to number. In this division there were 660 defaults reported with liabilities aggregating $4,954,483, as against 622 last year for $4,064,256; 673 for $4,554,995 in 1909; 907 for $5,867,597 in 1908, and 621 for $3,740,828 in 1907.

Mothers of Skin Tortured and Disfigured Children!

You should know that a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment will, in most cases, bring immediate relief, the little sufferers will sleep, tired, fretted mothers will rest, and peace will fall on distracted households.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 15N, Boston, will secure a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the skin.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.

I have a new Method that cures rupture and I want you to use it at my expense. I am not trying to sell you a Truss, but offer you a cure that stays cured and ends all truss-wearing and danger of strangulation forever.

No matter whether you have a single, double or navel rupture or one following an operation, my Method is an absolute cure. No matter what your age nor how hard your work, my Method will certainly cure you. I especially want to send it free to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of trusses, treatments and operations have failed. I want to show everyone at my own expense, that my Method will end all rupture suffering and truss-wearing for all time.

This means better health, increased physical ability and longer life. My free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin your cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it to-day.

FREE COUPON
Mark location of Rupture on Diagram and mail to
DR. W. S. RICE
705 Main St., Adams, N. Y.
Age.....
Time Ruptured
Cause of Rupture
Name........................
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ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT!

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

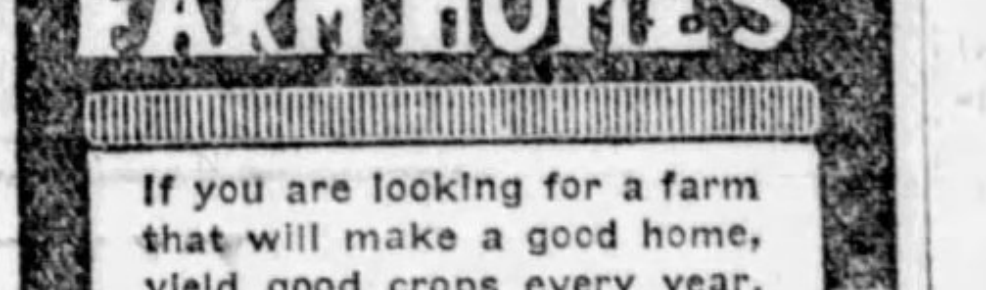
A Beautiful 20-year Gold-Filled Case, complete with fine 17-Jewel Elgin, sent on approval,

No Money Down--$2.00 a Month

$2.50 after examination.

FREE CATALOG Write us today for Our Big Free Watch and Diamond Book. We are the world's largest dealers in Elgin Watches and the exclusive factory agents of the celebrated "Lady Elgin" Sewing Machine. Just your name and address on a postal will do.

HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 244 Kansas City, Mo.



FARM HOMES

If you are looking for a farm that will make a good home, yield good crops every year, and continually increase in value, write to me and get books that tell about Western Arkansas or Lou isina, Eastern Oklahoma or Texas, through which country runs the line of the KANSAS CITY SOUTHERN RAILWAY

It is in the proven rain belt. No crop failures. Two to four crops per year.

Wm. Nicholson
Immigration Agent
K. C. S. Ry.
ROOM N THAYER BLDG.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

HIMALYA FOR Hay Fever or Asthma

Send for a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE of Himalya the valuable remedy for Hay Fever and Asthma. We have hundreds of reliable testimonials showing positive and permanent cures to persons who have suffered for years after all other remedies and change of climate had failed. Himalya can be purchased at all druggists or through their jobbers and wholesalers. Write today to the

HIMALYA CO.
326 Howard St., Detroit, Mich.

Cure Your Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE

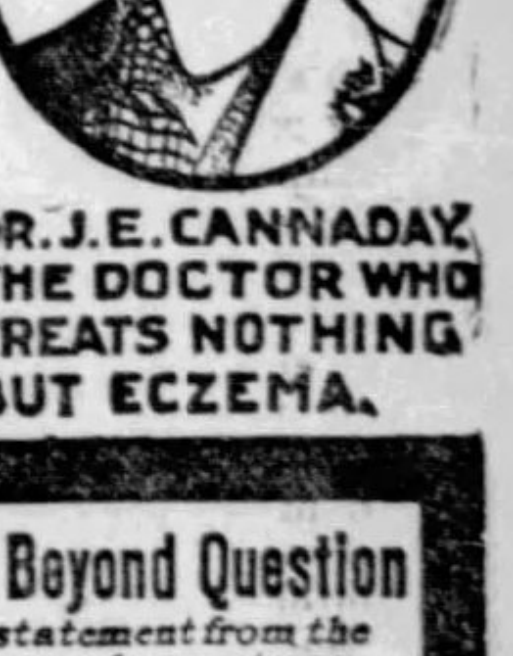
Deformity of the Hands in General, Chronic, Articular Rheumatism.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Stillingia, Iodide of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years' standing—even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

"GLORIA TONIC," and fifty thousand boxes are offered free to introduce it.

If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, **enclosing this advertisement**, to JOHN A. SMITH, 6146 Smith Building, Milwaukee, Wis., and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.



***I Guarantee to Cure* ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!**

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

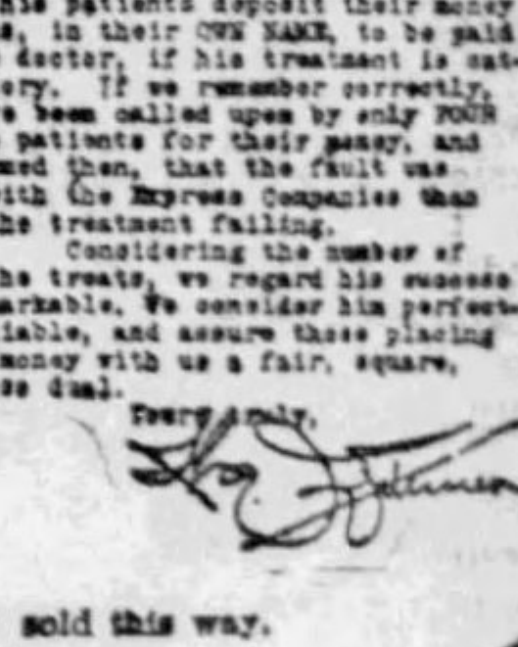
MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
924 Park Square
Sedalia, Mo.

Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.



THIRD NATIONAL BANK,
Sedalia Mo Jan.-1-1910.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:-

Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, making a specialty of ECZEMA.

We have handled his business exclusively for one year and eighty four days. His patients deposit their money with us, in their OWN NAME, to be paid to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only FOUR of his patients for their money, and it seemed then, that the fault was more with the Express Companies than with the treatment failing.

Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider him perfectly reliable, and assure those placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.

Yours truly,

FREE OFFER—CUT OUT HERE

Dr. J. E. Cannaday,
924 Park Square
Sedalia, - Mo.

Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

Name........................
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Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

$7.50 And You Keep This Great Engine

We will ship you Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine on your simple request without an order or any promise from you. You use the engine 10 whole days—use it all you want. Then if you don't want it send it back at our expense. If you do wish to keep it, pay us **only $7.50 and you can pay the rest in the easiest monthly payments.**

We send you the engine free, to prove to you that it is the greatest **air cooled** 3 horse power engine on earth. We want you to see for yourself that it is better than any other engine that costs twice and three times as much—the only engine that has the powerful chilled cylinder.

Ten Days Trial FREE

This is the first genuine free trial ever offered on gasoline engines for farm and shop use. We want you to see that women and children can run this engine. Use the engine to run the pumps and any other machinery you may have. Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine is absolutely **guaranteed for five years** in every piece and part. The biggest bank in Iowa backs our $1,000 challange offer.

Send For FREE Catalogs

Write to us promptly for particulars and we will send you a copy of our new book, "How to Use Power," free and postpaid. Write to us today.

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Want New Suit?

It will cost you nothing. Everybody needs clothes. Your friend, neighbor or acquaintance will buy of you. Profit on two orders will get you a free suit. The easiest thing in the world.

BIG OUTFIT FREE

We give you a bigger and better line and make our prices lower than any other house in existence. Our system insures a better fit, better work and better service. No express charges.

CLOTHING AGENTS

WANTED—Now is the time to get in the game. Our men make from $5 to $15 a day easy. Take up the clothing business as a side line—it will pay you well. You need no money or experience. We furnish everything to start.

Free Complete Sample Outfit including big assortment of cloth samples, latest fashions, tape measure, special offers. Write at once before we get someone else in your town. This is a wonderful opportunity to make some money and start you in a well paying business.

THE CAPITOL TAILORS
908 Capitol Bldg., Chicago

HEN LAYS THREE EGGS IN ONE

Plymouth Rock Bird Contributes to Wonders of World.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 8.—A Plymouth Rock hen's egg, laid on the farm of J. A. Buehler in Johnson county, has been found to contain another complete with shell and still a third egg in a skin exterior. The original egg was nine and a quarter inches in circumference and the inner egg was perfectly formed and larger than the ordinary specimen.

CHOLERA IS CAUSE OF MUTINY

Turkish Soldiers Seize Train, but Loyal Soldiers Suppress Outbreak.

Consantinople, Sept. 8.—Cholera continues to spread among the troops who have recently returned from Albania. Three battalions of Anatolian troops quarantined at Mitrovitza because of the prevalence of the disease, demanded they be sent home. When this was refused they mutinied and seized a train, on which they proposed to get away.

NAKED EYES CAN SEE COMET

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 7.—Brooks' comet is now visible to the naked eye and is increasing in brightness. A bulletin issued by the Harvard observatory says the comet may be easily followed, notwithstanding its rapid motion. On Sept. 17 the comet will be at its least distance from the earth, at which time it will be only 45,000,000 miles away.

ASTOR IS MARRIED

Congregational Clergyman Unites Millionaire to Miss Force.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 9.—Col. John Jacob Astor and Madeleine Talmage Force were married early today, at Beechwood, the bridegroom's Newport house. The bride was given away by her father, William Force.

After the city hall formalities had been concluded the wedding party motored to Beechwood, where the Rev. Joseph Lambert, of the Elmwood Temple (Congregational) of Providence, was waiting, and performed the ceremony.

Beechwood was beautifully decorated with flowers in honor of the event, and the Noma, the steam yacht on which the wedding party made the tri pfrom New York, was a veritable floating floral bower.

Sheriff First Visitor.

The Noma arrived in the harbor between 7 and 8 o'clock this morning and Vincent Astor hurried to be the first person to board the yacht. He was beaten in the race, however, by Deputy Sheriff Frank P. King, who served Col. Astor with a writ of summons, issued by a Providence law firm representing Mrs. Bridget McCrohan and her children, in which damages of $30,000 are asked on account of the accidental electrocution of Mrs. McCrohan's oldest son, Eugene, while working at Beechwood in July, 1910.

McCrohan was employed by the Providence Telephone Co., and while inspecting the telephone wires in the basemnt of Col. Astor's summer house he came in contact with an electric feed wire, the shock causing his death. The writ is returnable in the superior court on October 2 next.

Vincent Astor joined the party on board the yacht, and after all had breakfasted Col. Astor, Mr. Force, the Misses Force and Vincent Astor came ashore in the Noma's motorboat, Col. Astor handling the steering wheel. The party immediately went in an automobile to City hall, where the marriage license was issued.

During the city hall proceedings, which were witnessed by a host of newspaper correspondents, Col. Astor appeared nervous, but Miss Force, seemingly, was unconcerned.

Miss Katherine Force was her sister's bridesmaid, and Col. Astor's son, Vincent, was best man. Others who were present were Mrs. Force, the bride's mother; Mrs. Elder, of New York, a friend of the Force family; former Congressman William P. Sheffield, of this city, Col. Astor's Newport attorney; William A. Debbyn, Col. Astor's secretary, and Thomas Hade, who has been in Col. Astor's employ for many years.

Fifteen minutes after the marriage ceremony had been performed, Col. and Mrs. Astor left Beechwood in an automobile for the boat landing at the foot of Wellington avenue.

A few minutes later they were on board the Noma, which sailed immediately. The destination of the yacht has been kept secret.

He's Too Straight-Laced.

Just before leaving Beechwood, Col. Astor gave out a statement to the Associated Press. This statement follows:

"Now that we are happily married, I do not care how difficult divorce and marriage laws are made. I sympathize heartily with the most straight-laced people in most of their ideas, but believe remarriage should be made possible, as marriage is the happiest condition for the individual and the community."

WAR SCARE AT AN END

Kaiser's Foreign Secretary Gives Assurance All Danger Has Passed.

Berlin, Sept. 7.—Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, the foreign secretary, assured his friends yesterday that all danger of war between Germany and France over Morocco has passed. He said he hoped to be able to announce the terms of the settlement in the reichstag on October 10.

Germany, according to Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, never had the slightest intention of going to war about what he calls a "parcel of African sand hills."

It is further understood the future political status of France in Morocco has been settled. The chief task now before the negotiators is to find the necessary economic formulas to secure genuinely fair treatment for German and other nationalities in Morocco.

Terms of Compromise.

Two big piles of papers containing France's final proposal and Germany's counter proposals are side by side on a table at the foreign office. Their tenor will be discussed today by the foreign secretary and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, who has just returned from an audience with the kaiser at Kiel.

It is now clear that Germany will consent to a French protectorate over Morocco in return for a treaty which will strictly define her economic rights in that country, and in addition to this a slice of the Congo. It is understodd Germany is asking 400,000 square miles in the Congo. France is reluctant to cede more that 150,000 square miles.

The run on the savings banks at Stettin, caused by the circulation of rumors that war between France and Germany was impending, continued yesterday. All attempts of banking officials to reassure the depositors proved fruitless.

French Believe Settlement Near.

Paris, Sept. 7.—The Temps says the negotiations at Berlin between Foreign Minister Von Kiderlen-Waechter and M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, are progressing satisfactorily and the outlook is optimistic. The points in regard to French supremacy in Morocco and Congo compensation for Germany have been agreed upon. The point in regard to Germany's commercial equality in Morocco is the only one unsettled.

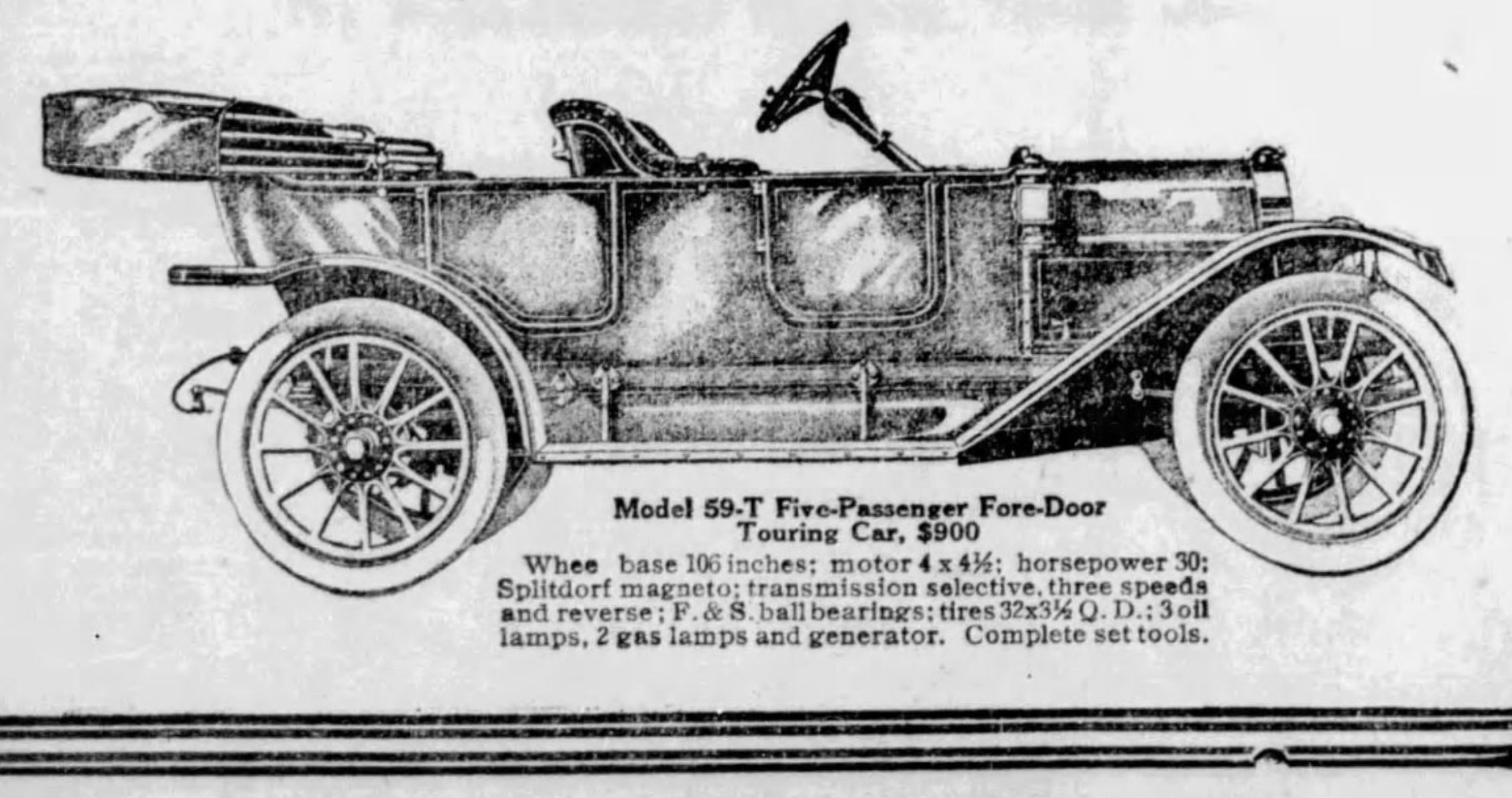
QUEEN HEROINE IN FIRE PANIC

Rome, Sept. 9.—The Dowager Queen Margherita proved herself a heroine yesterday when a mysterious fire started in her palace and for a time threatened the entire building. Great damage was done, but the greater part of the structure was saved. The fire is believed to have been caused by the crossing of electric light wires.

When the fire was discovered attendants spread the alarm throughout the palace and began fighting the flames. A panic seized the feminine members of the household. Maids in the service of the dowager queen and the ladies of the household ran screaming into the courtyard of the palace with their hands and arms filled with jewels and costly dresses.

The fire spread rapidly, being fed with draperies and ancient tapestries which adorned nearly every room.

The dowager queen appeared on the scene and remained calm. She gave an order here and there, directed the work of removing her valuables to a place of safety, and by her calmness inspired all about her to quicker action and better work.



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¶ Our Model 59 is a 30 horsepower, five-passenger fore-door touring car. The price is $900. It is a big, roomy, thoroughly high grade car. The motor will develop more power and speed than you will ever care to use. It has a handsome body design—graceful and good to look at. The pressed steel frame is staunch and solid. The selective transmission is fitted with F. & S. bearings—the finest in the world. In a word it is just as good and fine as this type of car can be made. You will not find its equal for less than $1250, and a comparison of the specifications with any other 30 horsepower car will prove this statement.

¶ This car at this price is due to our enormous manufacturing facilities. We have the greatest plant of its kind in the world. We have just published a very thorough book which explains in a clear, definite and readable manner the difference in automobile plants. And the point of this whole book is to prove the economical manufacturing ability of the Overland plants—to prove its strength by showing and explaining to you the interior and exterior of the greatest automobile plant in the world. It takes you over the entire 80 acres. The book is free and we want you to have one. It is interesting and full of information.

¶ Above all it gives you a clear understanding of economics in the production of automobiles in great quantities, and we believe it proves why no other manufacturer in the business can produce the car described below and sell it at our price without losing money.

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PRICES ARE NO HIGHER

Expert Points Out That Only a Few Commodities Show Rise Over Last Year's Quotations.

New York, Sept. 11.—While thousands are starving in China, and France is being torn with riots in protest against the high cost of food, there is renewed attention in this country to the fact that sugar has reached its highest point in 12 years, that coffee is soaring, and potatoes are selling as high as $1.10 a bushel in the field. In view of this, householders are asking themselves: "Will this winter see a recurrence of the conditions of 1909-10, when the cost of living reached its apex and declined slowly only after many so-called boycotts against meat and other high-priced commodities were declared throughout the land?"

Needn't Be Frightened.

To this question economic experts seen here today answer no. Prices will be higher, they say, in some instances, than those of last winter, but they add that the man who sets his table with plain, every day fare, avoiding fancy brands and near-luxuries, may await the approach of cold weather without undue anxiety. It is pointed out that, generally speaking, with the exception of coffee, sugar, potatoes and a few canned vegetables, September was ushered in with conditions more favorable to the consumer than was the case a year ago. On September 1, mess pork was quoted at $19 a barrel, wholesale, as against $24 on the same date in 1910; the wholesale price of ham is a little more than 15 cents a pound as compared with 18 cents in the early fall of last year; western lard is selling at a fraction more than 9 cents as against more than 12 cents in September, 1910, and butter and eggs are both comparatively reasonable and a few cents cheaper retail than in last September.

Some Things Lower.

Flour of good quality is selling at lowest retail prices at $5.95 a barrel, the same price that prevailed at this time last year, and bacon may be had at some stores for 20 cents a pound as against 23 and 25 cents a year ago. "The saverage family" steak cost about 28 cents a pound, as it did last year, though experts say that with all feeding crops short, it is not unlikely that beef will go higher as the winter progresses.

The cost of poultry will be largely determined by cold storage holdings. Indications are that the shortage of potatoes is serious, not only in this country, but in Great Britain and Germany. In the fall of last year one could buy good potatoes in the field at 55 cents a bushel; today the prices range from 85 cents to more than a dollar. Canned peas, beans and tomatoes also will be higher, but rice remains cheap and unless there is a marked advance in pork it is argued that the man of slender means can provide for his family without serious strain.

Sugar and Coffee.

Sugar and coffee are both phenomenally high, but those who are studying the market predict that the decreased consumption which invariably follows a prohibitive advance, will soon restore these two breakfast table necessities to a more normal level.

It is almost impossible to strike an intelligent average of the price to the consumer, so much depending upon the location of the dealer's store. The following table of 25 standard commodities, however, shows the prevailing wholesale prices when the month of September opened. These figures have changed only slightly since:

	Sept. 1911.	Sept. 1910.
Flour, straight winter, bbl.	$ 4.10	$ 4.55
Beeves, best native steers (Chicago) 100 lbs.	8.00	8.30
Sheep, price, (Chicago) 100 lbs.	3.85	4.70
Hogs, prime, (Chicago) 100 lbs.	7.75	9.55
Beef Carcasses, (Chicago) lb.	.11	.10
Hogs, market pigs, carcasses, (Chicago) lb.	.0975	.1175
Mutton, carcasses, (Chicago) lb.	.0950	.1175
Eggs, state, fresh, doz.	.26	.26
Bread, loaf	.04	.04
Beef, family, bbl.	13.50	19.00
Pork new mess, bbl.	19.00	24.00
Bacon short ribs, smoked (Chicago) lb.	.0925	.1325
Hams, smoked, lb.	.155	.18
Lard, western steam, lb.	.0955	.1220
Butter, creamery, state, best, lb.	.27	.315
Cheese, choice east factory lb.	.135	.1575
Mackerel, No. 1, Bays (Boston) bbl.	26.00	24.00
Codfish, large dried,, quintal	7.50	7.00
Coffee, Rio No. 7, lb.	.13375	.10125
Sugar, granulated, lb.	.0625	.0525
Tea, Formosa, Oolong, Superior, lb.	.165	.16
Molasses, New Orleans, prime gal.	.30	.32
Salt, fine domestic, sacks, 224 lbs.	.94	.80
Rice, domestic, good, lb.	.04125	.0475
Potatoes, eastern, 180 lbs.	2.75	1.75

BAER SOLD BAD EGGS

Reading President Is Arrested by Officials of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Sept. 8.—At the instance of Harry P. Cassidy, special agent of the state pure food department, George F. Baer, president of the Reading, was served yesterday with a summons to appear and answer a charge of violating the pure food law in causing the sale of bad eggs. It is charged that eggs refused by consignees were put on the market here.

The summons, issued by Magistrate Beaton and fixing the hearing for September 14, was served on President Baer in the outer office of his suite at the Reading terminal by a constable who followed Baer from the train floor, where he had alighted from his private car, which had brought him from his country home in Reading.

The railroad head appeared both shocked and surprised when the legal document was served on him. He made no comment, but went into his private office, where he called Cassidy on the telephone. He wanted to know why he had been summoned. He was told for causing the sale of rotten eggs. He made no comment on this, either.

Cassidy first proceeded against the railroad by causing the arrest of William J. Wilson, its general freight agent, charging him with a violation of the pure food lays. This grew out of a shipment of eggs from St. Louis to this city July 17, 1910. The eggs were refused by the consignee and they were sent to commission merchants by the railroad company to be sold.

On July 4 Judge Wiltbank, in discharging Wilson, exonerated the railroad from blame, in the matter of the sale of the eggs, placing it upon the commission merchants. Cassidy expressed his opinion of this procedure at the time and declared that he would continue against the railroad company along other lines.

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This is the $6.98 coat described

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No. 18 L.—Your new Fall Suit has been carefully thought out and designed for you, and is offered at a price that will more than please you as it is a marvel at its low price. The model is one of our very latest and is charmingly fashioned throughout. The coat is in hip length and smartly semi-fitting, with new coat collar joining the wide lapel with a bias inset of rich panne velvet and finished with trimming buttons of same. The back is one-piece and shows a uniquely fashioned tab at bottom trimmed with a fold of the silk panne velvet. The pocket on each side of front is of jaunty cut and finished with braid arrow heads. The stylish coat sleeve has a prettily fashioned cuff trimmed with velvet and buttons carrying out the design in the back. Front closes with large velvet buttons. Beautifully tailored in every detail and lined throughout with rich satin. The skirt combines the close fitting effect and ample width most charmingly. The gores are carefully shaped over the hips and have an inserted plait from knee depth insuring generous width at the bottom. The stylish new apron panel trimmed with velvet buttons is shown front and back. The material is a new fall weave in a stylish Scotch mixture in a quality never before seen in a suit at this price. Medium and dark grey mixtures. 15 and 16 for misses' and ladies' sizes 32 to 44 bust.................... $10.98

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No. 14 H—An unusual opportunity to secure your winter coat at this low price. You have never had such value come to your notice before, as it is without a parallel in both style and quality. We imported the original model at an enormous cost and have reproduced it in its every charming detail in the stylish coat shown here. The new semi-fitting lines are extremely stylish and becoming. The double-breasted front rolls back with a very wide shawl revere collar, extending in generous proportions well over the shoulders, and showing the latest foreign novelty; a deep point in the back with handsome silk cord and tassel. The entire collar is braided in rich silk applique in exquisite designs. The sleeves are finished with a deep roll cuff showing the same elaborate silk braiding. The double-breasted front closes with handsome novelty buttons, while a deep patch pocket with tailored flap and button appears on each side. Beautifully tailored throughout and lined to the waist with silk finished venetian. The material is an excellent quality of fine black Melton, chosen for its fine texture and lustrous weave. Black only. A handsome wrap for street or evening wear. 14 and 16 year Misses' sizes, 32 to 44 Ladies' sizes. Priced very special at... $6.98

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SENATOR BAILEY QUITS

Spurned by Both Sides in Prohibition Fight, He Decided to Quit.

Austin, Tex., Sept. 8.—The authoritative announcement made by United States Senator Bailey at his home in Gainsville that he would not be a candidate for re-election opens up a wide field of speculation in the Texas political world and recalls past and present political history.

Incidental thereto it is admitted in political circles that Senator Bailey retires from the race under pressure in consequence of his inactivity during the recent prohibition campaign in Texas.

Didn't Keep Promise.

It was generally stated throughout Texas and not denied that Senator Bailey, by agreement, was to return to Texas and make several speeches in favor of the anti-statewide prohibition proposition. He failed to do this, although importuned by the leaders several times to do so. The anti-leaders were indignant and so informed him following the election on July 22.

It was then noticeable that Senator Bailey began to lean in public utterances toward the prohibitionists. The Prohibition leaders, many of whom are personally anxious for state and national honors at the hands of their party, immediately took notice of Senator Bailey's tendency with alarm and getting their heads together served notice on him that he could not trail on their side of the road.

It is believed this refusal by both factions to follow his standard caused Senator Bailey to decide to retire.

Several Want to Succeed Him.

It is known that the governor has aspirations to succeed Bailey in the United States senate; likewise Col. Jake Wollers, who was the leader of the antis in the recent statewide election.

Ex-Gov. Campbell on the Prohibition side is recognized as the most formidable candidate, although there are numerous aspirants, among whom may be included Attorney Tom Ball, of Houston, who, while a Prohibition, is a warm friend of Bailey.

It is generally agreed in state political circles that there will be no effort made to have Bailey reconsider his decision to retire. He has been such a partisan factor for six years that he has been a great disturbing element in the Texas political and business world.

His retirement comes in line with a general get together movement of all Texas interests, political and business.

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CHOOSES RAILROAD BUSINESS

Harold S. Vanderbilt Begins Work for New York Central.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 12.—Harold S. Vanderbilt, following the footsteps of his father, William K. Vanderbilt, has taken up the railroad business in the offices of the New York Central in New York. He is a graduate of Yale and is said to be one of the most capable young men in the nation's wealthhy class.

KEENE GAINING IN HEALTH

Financier, Recently Operated On, Expects to Leave Hospital Soon.

London, Sept. 12.—James R. Keene, who was operated upon for stomach trouble last week, is making such good progress toward recovery that his physician left London yesterday for a holiday. Mr. Keene expects to be out within a fortnight.

LAVA GOES 1,250 FT. AN HOUR

Catania, Sicily, Sept. 12.—The activity of Mount Etna increases. Sixteen new fissures have opened and from the two nearest the base of the volcana a great stream of lava issud. It is moving at the rate of 1,250 feet an hour, and today had covered several miles in the direction of Linguaglossa, northeast of Etna.

Where Missouri Umbrella Is Safe

Kansas City Journal.

Now that you are using and worrying about that portable roof, your umbrella, you may be interested to know that there is one place in Kansas City where an umbrella is absolutely safe and will not be stolen. That place is the jail. This high moral appearance of the jail arises from the fact that Joseph Strauss, deputy marshal, locks every umbrella that is brought into the office in the big steel vault. No matter whether it's a jail employe or a visitor who takes an umbrella into the office, Strauss takes the article at once and locks it up in the vault. He never fails to return an umbrella to its proper owner.

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